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EXERCISES

OF THE

Centennial • Anniversary

OF THE

BAPTIST CHURCH,

ABBOTT'S CORNER, P. Q.,

SEPTEMBER 6, 1899.

EDITED BY

LEWIS B. HIBBARD.

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PRELIMINARY.

A special meeting of Baptist Church, Abbott's Corner, P. Q., was held April 29, 1899, to which all friends, as well as members, of the church were invited for the purpose of making arrangements for celebrating the Centennial Anniversary of the church. It was decided to have the services Wednesday, September 6, 1899, just ONE HUNDRED YEARS from the day the church was organized. The following persons were appointed on the several committees:

ON REPAIRS.

DEACON H. A. CHAFFE.

MR. M. A. LEAVITT.

MR. A. S. ARMSTRONG.

MR. A. E. BRIDGE.

MR. J. J. MCCARTY.

MR. W. P. HIBBARD.

MR. FREEMAN ROGERS.

ON PROGRAM.

REV. W. G. SCOFIELD.

STUDENT A. G. BAKER.

MRS. W. P. HIBBARD.

REV. A. L. ARMS.

MRS. J. H. BROE.

MISS M. A. SMITH.

ON ENTERTAINMENT.

DEACON JOHN BROE.

MR. AND MRS. H. E. H. TRACY.

MRS. ARNOLD E. BRIDGE.

MR. AND MRS. S. R. WHITMAN.

MRS. A. S. ARMSTRONG.

MRS. J. POWERS.

It was also voted to have Pastor Rev. Arnold L. Arms prepare the Historical Discourse; also voted to invite Lewis B. Hibbard, of Highland Park, Ill., a child and licentiate of this church, and a great grandson of its founder, to deliver a Centennial Discourse.

These plans were all executed in a most thorough and satisfactory manner, indeed every one was surprised and delighted with the results. Invitations were sent to absent former members of the church, from many of whom letters responsive were received, some of which will be found in the following pages.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

BY REV. ARNOLD L. ARMS.

THE Baptist Church in St. Armand was organized on the 6th day of September, 1799. Of the proceedings at the time, and the names and number of the constituent members, no record is found, and I am satisfied the records for the first ten months are lost; but from information obtained elsewhere, it appears that there were seven constituent members. This was stated to the writer over forty years ago by Rev. William Rogers of Richford, who declared himself to be the second person baptized in St. Armand, and one of the seven constituent members. He was evidently soon after elected deacon, being referred to as such as early as August 16, 1800. The first extant record of a church meeting bears date July 12, 1800. At this meeting Rev. Jedediah Hibbard was chosen standing moderator, and Roger Hibbard church clerk. At the next meeting, August 16, 1800, Rev. J. Hibbard and Deacon William Rogers were chosen delegates to the Richmond Conference held at Bolton, Vt., Wednesday, August 25, 1800. January 24, 1801, by a unanimous vote, a call was extended to Rev. Jedediah Hibbard to become the pastor of the church. The call was accepted, and is on the church records. A council was called to recognize him as pastor, which convened at the house of Roger Hibbard, now the home of Edmund Ingalls, August 27, 1801. Eight churches were represented, namely, Orwell, Fairfax, Bolton, Swanton and Westford, in Vermont, and Sutton, Hatley and Stanstead, in Canada. The ministers present were Elnathan Phelps of Orwell, Ezra Butler of Bolton, Joseph Call of Fairfax, Thomas Brown of Westford, and William Marsh of Sutton.

Rev. Jedediah Hibbard was born in Canterbury, Conn., October 4, 1740. When or where he was ordained is not known. In 1784 he was pastor of a small church in Lebanon, N. H., where, and afterwards when in Cornish, he performed much missionary work in Vermont. As early as 1793 he was preaching in Georgia and other places. In 1797 he moved to St. Armand, Canada, and labored as an evangelist in all the surrounding region. At this early date preachers, as well as settlers, were few and widely

scattered. He evidently did a noble work, not only in winning souls to Christ but in organizing, edifying and encouraging Christians. He served the Church faithfully for about eight years after his installation, and died October 4, 1809, 69 years of age. Many have since risen up to call him blessed, not only in Canada but also in Connecticut, New Hampshire, Central and Northern Vermont.

On May 5, 1801, Joshua Smith was chosen deacon, and Deacon William Rogers was licensed to preach, and in September, 1802, he was called to ordination by the Baptist Church in Stanbridge, and served them two years. He moved thence to Richford, in 1804, and was pastor of that church more than forty-five years, and died March 9, 1851, in his 78th year. Most, if not all the members of this (Abbott's Corner) church, and their pastor, were then immigrants from the New England States, and it has since been composed very largely of such and their descendants.

October 9, 1802, George Wales gave to the Baptists half an acre of land as a building lot, on the crest of the hill north of the Methodist Church, on condition that a meeting house should be built thereon, and soon after a house was erected, in which worship was maintained for many years, both by Baptists and Methodists. It was abandoned as a place of worship about 1830, and after remaining in a dilapidated condition for some four or five years was torn down and the material used in building a school house, in which the church held their meetings, more or less, until the erection of the present edifice, in 1841. The country at this time, 1802, was rapidly being filled with settlers, and frequent additions were made to the church, and a branch church existed at Dunham as early as December, 1802, and a church had been formed in Stanbridge, evidently a colony of this church, at an earlier date. May 24, 1806, William Galusha was licensed to preach, and soon after examined for ordination by a council composed of ministers and delegates from the churches in Sutton, Richford and Berkshire.

Under date of June 28, 1806, is the following record: "Voted, to give letters of dismission to such brethren and sisters as should desire it, that a second Baptist Church might be gathered in St. Armand." The brethren and sisters who requested letters were William Galusha, Cooley Sumner, Bezalcel Bridge, Eli Bagley,

Samuel Bridge, Urana Hawley and Azuba Safford. It is probable that Mr. Galusha became pastor of this second church, and served them a few years; but as he was called to the pastorate of this church after the death of Rev. Jedediah Hibbard, we presume the second church dissolved, and the members were scattered, or re-united with this church. The membership at this time, June, 1806, was probably about forty, and they had elected the fourth deacon, Roger Hibbard.

For two or three years the church was evidently in a declining state, being distracted and disheartened by internal difficulties. In the latter part of 1808 the health of their former pastor, on whom from the first they had been accustomed to lean, began to fail. The last meeting he attended, of which mention is made, was in May, 1809. He died in October following, and his remains are buried in the parish cemetery at Frelighsburg. In July, 1810, the church engaged the services of Rev. William Galusha, and in November following appointed Allen Miner clerk. For a few years they appear to have enjoyed a good degree of prosperity. July 19, 1815, they sent Rev. William Galusha, Deacons Roger Hibbard and Allen Miner, Brothers Gilbert Jenne and Homer Smith to the Stanbridge Association. In 1819 the church appointed Nathaniel Hibbard clerk, who was succeeded in 1822 by Homer Smith; Jesse Scofield was numbered with the deacons, and in 1825 Gilbert Jenne was elected clerk. The pastorate of Mr. Galusha appears to have closed somewhere between 1825 and 1830, a term of at least fifteen years, and the longest one in the history of the church. Many additions were made, but there were also many exclusions and dismissions. If we except the last few years of his pastorate, it may be regarded as a prosperous and successful one. In May, 1830, the church called a council to examine and ordain Homer Smith, who served the church as pastor about three years, when a serious difficulty arose, occasioned by the unwise action of a part of the church in engaging Rev. William Galusha, while Mr. Smith was as yet the regular pastor of the church. Thus matters continued for several years. At a covenant meeting Saturday, August 27, 1836, ten members were present; five renewed covenant, and five did not. All honor to the noble five who, when the church was without a meeting house or pastor, and near the verge of dissolution, stood firm and faithful. October 6th, the same year, an advisory

committee, appointed by the association at the request of the late Rev. Peter Chase of Franklin, consisting of Revs. Alvah Sabin, Peter Chase, S. Cole, Isiah Huntley, A. Rider, M. Flint, with Brothers I. Carey and J. Wrightman, met and succeeded in restoring harmony. Rev. Homer Smith again became the pastor of the church, which he served with fidelity till his sudden death, October 12, 1837, in the 55th year of his age. Confidence was largely restored, and disaffected members returned to their places.

In September, 1837, the church voted to unite with the Fairfield Association, and elected their pastor, Rev. Homer Smith, with Deacons Roger Hibbard and Allen Miner as delegates. In January, 1838, Rev. Jonathan Baldwin, missionary of the Vermont Baptist State Convention, came and held a series of meetings with the church, which resulted in a powerful revival, and the greater portion of the converts united with this church, though some went to other denominations. Many backsliders were reclaimed, and the church was greatly encouraged and strengthened. Rev. M. Britain at once became pastor and served the church for a time--the first pastor not of New England origin, and of whom, in fact, but little is known. In 1841 Rev. Peter Chase of Franklin, Vt., a brother of the late Prof. Ira Chase of the Newton Theological Institution, became their pastor. During this year Columbus Scofield generously gave a lot, and the church erected their present house of worship. For ten long and weary years they had been without a meeting house, had passed through great difficulties, and they entered their new house of worship with songs of thanksgiving, greatly encouraged. The next year Rev. Francis Bosworth, then recently from England, ministered to them a part of the time, and in 1843 began the long pastorate of Francis N. Jersey, who served the church as pastor, preaching half of the time, for fourteen years. He was born in England, January 9, 1797; came to this country with his large family in 1842, and located on a small farm in Stanbridge the next year, where he continued to reside till his removal to Potton, in 1857, where he died March 7, 1860. In 1843, the year Mr. Jersey's pastorate began, the church united with the Montreal Association, whose session was held in that city in midwinter. The same year Casper B. Hibbard and Isaac Jones were elected deacons, and soon after two young men, members of

the church, were commended to the new and short-lived theological school at Montreal; both completed their course of study and entered the ministry, though one of them, Charles Smith, died April, 1851, and the other, John D. Freligh, went west, and all trace of him was soon lost. In 1846 Rev. William Porterfield served as a temporary supply, and in December, 1850, Arnold L. Arms was licensed to preach. During the pastorate of Mr. Jersey the church was united and measurably prosperous: additions were made, and in 1852 there were about sixty members. In 1854, after eleven years' connection with the Montreal Association, they united with the Lamoile Association in Vermont, and the next year elected Horace N. Janes clerk, in place of Nathaniel Hibbard, who had served for some twenty years. Rev. F. N. Jersey offered his resignation March 22, 1857, which was accepted the 14th of June. The church at once engaged Rev. Abram Bedell of Plainfield, Vt., as a supply, and called him to the pastorate in February, 1858. During the first year of his pastorate six were added by baptism and four by letter, making the total membership fifty-eight.

In 1858 Columbus Scofield, deeply interested in the welfare of the church, though not then a member of it, generously gave ten acres of valuable land, adjoining the meeting house, for a parsonage lot, on condition that a suitable residence for the pastor should be erected thereon, which was done that year, and trustees were duly elected to receive a deed of the land and to manage the property. In October, 1858, Sherman P. Schofield was chosen clerk, in place of Mr. Janes resigned, and February 12, 1859, Lewis B. Hibbard was licensed to preach. There were no marked events in the history of the church till October, 1864, when Mr. Bedell's pastoral relations with the church terminated, and he removed to New Hampshire, where he died not long after. He was a native of Maine, where he spent the greater portion of his life. On the whole, his pastorate here was a prosperous one; valuable additions were made to the church, whose numbers and resources were increased, and an excellent parsonage was built. He took an active part in the organization of the Canada Baptist Missionary Convention, East, and was the father of the Missisquoi Baptist Conference, which did a good work during its brief existence.

During the winter following Mr. Bedell's resignation the

church was supplied by Revs. A. L. Arms and P. C. Himes, and the summer following by J. C. Yule, a student from the Literary Institute at Woodstock, Ont., who preached with marked acceptance. In October, 1865, Eben M. Rice, a graduate of the same Institute, settled and remained one year, when he left, on account failing health, and went west. During the winter of 1866-67 Messrs. Arms and Himes again supplied the church, and during the summer Rev. Joshua Donovan, having recently come to Dunham from Scotland for the benefit of his health, supplied the pulpit. He was an able, vigorous preacher, and is now one of the foremost pastors in the city of Toronto. In June, 1868, Rev. Merrill Howard, a native of Chester, though recently located in East Enosburg, Vt., where he was ordained in August, 1857, was called to the pastorate, and entered upon his duties the 1st of July. In March, 1869, Rev. J. F. Ferguson aided in a series of meetings with good results; some were reclaimed, and several converted, who subsequently united with the church. Mr. Howard closed his labors October 8, 1870, and removed to Michigan, and Rev. A. L. Arms, a native and life-long resident of St. Armand, acted as pastor the rest of the year, and in April following became the pastor of the church, though, at his request, Rev. E. P. Merrifield of Franklin, Vt., was engaged to fill every alternate appointment. The meeting house was immediately repaired and a cabinet organ purchased. In 1872 W. G. and S. P. Scofield were elected trustees of the church; in 1874 W. G. Scofield was appointed clerk, and September 11, 1875, the church applied to the Canada Baptist Missionary Convention for aid. In October, 1875, in the good providence of God, Rev. J. Tilson of Hingham, Mass., and Rev. C. Hibbard, of Chester, Vt., a grandson of Rev. Jedediah Hibbard, and for fourteen years a missionary in Burma, held a series of revival meetings with the church. The result was the most extensive revival that had been enjoyed for thirty-six years. The additions to the church as the fruit of this revival greatly strengthened and encouraged it, and its working force was fully doubled. The baptism of these converts was by Rev. J. Tilson and the pastor in Selby Lake, June 16, 1876, in the presence of a very large assembly, and was an occasion of great joy. In March of this year, by request of Deacon I. Janes, W. G. Scofield was chosen deacon. Encouraged by the Canada Baptist Missionary Society, East, the church began in October,

1875, holding Sunday-school and public worship every Sunday. In 1877 the society built a large meeting house barn or shed, and also elected Hanson H. Hibbard deacon. The next spring a series of "gospel meetings," then so popular, were held, with good results. In May of the same year, 1878, John Currie, an evangelist from Montreal, held a series of meetings which resulted in some twenty conversions, most of whom subsequently united with the church, and Mr. Currie spent the summer preaching and aiding in the general work, much to the gratification of both church and pastor. The two years immediately following were perhaps the happiest and brightest days in the history of the church; harmony prevailed, and the life of the church was characterized by great activity. In 1880 a Woman's Missionary Circle was formed, and is well maintained.

In 1881, at the time of eighty-second anniversary celebration, there had been some decline, and perhaps not more than half of those added in 1878 were residents and in active service. Many of the vigorous, active younger members were removing to other places, and one very promising young man, Edgar S. Tracy, a great grandson of the founder of the church, had died, September 17, 1880.

CONTINUED BY A. G. BAKER.

Since the cheering exercises of the eighty-second anniversary in 1881 the church has prospered as well as could reasonably be expected. Our esteemed brother, Columbus Scofield, died October 10, 1881. He had been one of the most generous supporters of the church for years, and left about \$500 as a perpetual legacy, the interest only to be used for the benefit of the church, and known as the "Scofield Legacy." During the next year two more of our aged members, Samuel Chaffee and Deacon Isaac Janes, were called to their reward, the latter after faithfully serving for thirty-nine years as deacon of the church.

About that time the church edifice was thoroughly renovated and repaired and was much improved by fresh paint, paper, new carpets and a clock. In the same year a license to preach was

given to Deacon W. G. Scofield, and for several years he supplied. in the absence of the pastor, this church, Berkshire Centre and East Franklin. It became evident that he possessed talents which, if exercised, would make him a useful minister of the gospel, and on May 20, 1885, the church requested his ordination to the gospel ministry, and June 24th was the day appointed. Delegates were present from twelve different churches. Brother Scofield related his Christian experience, call to the ministry and doctrinal belief. After deliberation the delegates expressed entire satisfaction with the examination and unanimously voted to proceed with the ordination, as follows: Invocation, Rev. G. F. Pay; reading of Scriptures, Rev. J. T. Buzzell; prayer, Rev. J. G. Lorimer; sermon, Rev. A. G. Upham; ordaining prayer, Rev. A. L. Arms; charge to candidate, Rev. A. C. Votey; hand of fellowship, Rev. G. H. Parker; address to church, Rev. T. Teller. A. L. Arms was moderator and E. O. Smith clerk.

July 7, 1885, the church sustained a great loss in the death of Deacon Casper B. Hibbard. He had been a deacon of the church since 1843, and was sorely missed as a wise counsellor, a liberal giver and a most faithful attendant at the services of the church. In the same month Brothers John Broe and Luther R. Smith, Jr., were elected deacons to fill the places left vacant by Rev. W. G. Scofield and the late Deacon C. B. Hibbard.

The resignation of W. G. Scofield as church clerk was also accepted and Miss Ella E. Tracy appointed his successor. Brother Scofield was then requested to act as associate pastor and to preach every alternate Sabbath. Soon after this he became legally qualified to marry and to make records of civil status. Soon the Baptist church at Richford gave him a call to their vacant pastorate. Much to the regret of both pastor and church at Abbott's Corner he accepted the call, and removed thither in November, 1886, where he still remains. The church records bear the following entry by the clerk: "Words of mine cannot express the loss we shall feel as a church and people when Pastor Scofield and family leave 'Daisy Farm.'" Brother Scofield and wife took letters to the church in Richford August 7, 1887, and in the same month Pastor A. L. Arms presented a letter from the church at Richford, and in November following his wife, Maria R. Arms, was also received by letter.

In 1888 the church, with the approbation of the pastor, en-

gaged Student J. R. Jackson of MacMaster University, Toronto, during his five months vacation, to preach here every Sunday morning and at East Franklin or elsewhere in the afternoon. At the close of this period Pastor Arms went on with the work as before.

In June, 1889, the church, which had for many years been a member of the Lamoille Association in Vermont, withdrew and united with the Eastern Association in Quebec. In the summer of 1892 J. P. McIntyre, M. D., then a student of MacMaster, served as pastor during the summer months. In 1893, Pastor Arms' failing health and loss of voice made it so difficult for him to preach that it was decided to engage a student pastor every summer, if possible, and Rev. W. G. Scofield offered to supply in winter part of the time. A. J. Darrock, from MacMaster, was next secured, and served during the summers of 1894-5, doing faithful and earnest work. The three years following, 1896-97-98, Student Y. A. King served during the summer months. Much interest was shown during these seasons; several were baptized and united with the church, and a Christian Endeavor Society was organized.

In the fall of 1898 Student A. G. Baker was engaged for one year, and is with us today. His faithful services have been much appreciated, and his good ability as leader of the church and Young People's Society have given ample assurance of his future usefulness in the Lord's vineyard. Four have been baptized into the church during the year. Brother Scofield up to the time of Brother Baker's coming, had supplied the pulpit every alternate Sunday in the afternoon during the winter months. The church in 1894 appointed him assistant pastor so that he can legally perform burial service and make records of civil status. In May, 1897, Miss Ella E. Tracy, our church clerk for twelve years, resigned on account of her marriage, and removal to a new home. Always active and zealous in the work of the church, she was and is greatly missed, as is also her old home, whose doors were always hospitably open to any servant of the Lord who might chance to pass this way. Mrs. Deacon Broe was elected clerk, and continues in that office at the present time.

During the past two years several former members of the Baptist Church in Berkshire have united with us, and from the number Brother Harvey Chaffee was in 1896 elected deacon.

These, together with some recently baptized, have considerably strengthened the church and have given cheer to those who have so long borne the burden and heat of the day.

Several years ago Rev. A. L. Arms tendered his resignation as pastor, to take effect as soon as a successor could be obtained. As this difficult work could not be accomplished, he still retains his pastoral relations with the church, and although he has not been able to preach since December, 1893, he continues to take out the annual Register of Civil Status, and does such pastoral work as he is able to perform. Present membership 46.

And today we here see the fulfillment of our hopes and plans concerning this Centennial, and on this long anticipated occasion we do erect the stone "EBENEZER," reverently and devoutly, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

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EXTRACTS FROM CHURCH RECORDS.

April 25th, 1801, After our Cov^t Meeting, the Com^{tee} appointed to confer with Elder Hibbard about taking the Charge of the C^h, made their Report to the C^h from the Elder in writing as follows (viz)

To the C^h of Christ in the East Parish in S^t. Armand Brethren beloved in the Lord, as you did by your vote at our last Cov^t Meeting Give me a call to the Pastoral Care, & Charge of the C^h as your Elder: I feel to acknowledge the Respect you have Manifested towards me with gratitude:—And having indeavoured to view & weigh Every circumstance as far as I am able, as to the State of the C^h, the Gethering and Increase of the C^h, & its present Order; And my heart felt union to this Dear branch of Zion, which I believe to be the Purchase of the blood of Christ.

As also the Dealings of God in Providence toward me in first Influencing me first to move into these parts believing it my Duty, as there were very few Preachers hereabout, and the hard struggle I had with the old Man, or the flesh.—The unspeakable satisfaction, and abundant Joy I have had in seeing the Lord carry on his work in this place, and the Privelege of Waiting on the lambs of Christ, indeav-ouring to feed the Sheep and lambs of the flock, which if I have been inabled to do the Lord be praised.

And altho' I Dare not presume that I have any Spiritual Children in the C^h here, Yet they feel near to my heart as Dear Children in the Lord, Therefore to take the Spicial Care, and charge of this C^h feels like Duty, and priveledge united together; and if I am so happy as to do no harm I shall be glad, But if the Lord blesses me with wisdom and Grace to be faithfull in my duty So as to be of Service to the C^h my happiness will be Great. Brethren pray for me, the Grace of our Lord, Jesus, Christ be with you AMEN.

I subscribe myself Your B^r in Gospel bonds.

JEDⁿ HIBBARD

To the Baptist C^h
Christ in S^t. Armand

The C^h having sent out letters Missive to several C^hs to come and set in Council and set apart Elder Jedⁿ Hibbard to the Spicial Care, and Charge of this C^h. The Council Convened according to the desire of the C^h on August 27th 1801, at Roger Hibbard's.

(viz)

Chhs
Orwell
Fairfax
Sutton

Bolton

Swanton

Westford

Hatley &
Stansted

Delegates

Elder Elnathan Felps
Elder Joseph Call
Elder William Marsh
Dⁿ Calkins
Dⁿ Lothrop
B^r Sam^l Brown
Elder Ezra Butler
Dⁿ David Atkins
B^r Edward Fay
B^r David Hurlbut
Dⁿ Joshua Calkins
Dⁿ David Cambel
Elder Tho^s Brown
B^r Chase
B^r Burdick
B^r Abial Abbott
B^r Nat^l Jewett

The solemnity opened by publick Worship, Elder Butler preach^d
a sermon from I Tim. 4, 6. Elder Felps Gave the Charge; And
Elder Call gave the Right Hand of Fellowship.—and Elder Brown
made the last prayer.—Elder Hibbard Gave out the Psalm and dismit
the Assembly.—In behalf of the Council

Attest JOSEPH CALL, Moderator
 SAM^l BROWN, Scribe

St. Armand)
August 27th 1801 }

NOTE.—Elder Ezra Butler of the Bolton, Vt., Church, lived in Waterbury; founded
the Baptist Church in Waterbury Centre in 1800, and was its pastor till his death, July 12,
1838. He located in Waterbury in 1786; was town representative in the State Legislature,
County Judge, Presidential Elector, member of Congress, Trustee of the State Univer-
sity, and in 1826-27 was Governor of the State, elected without any organized opposition.
My first pastorate was with the Waterbury Church, 1863-67.
L. B. H.

CENTENNIAL DISCOURSE.

BY LEWIS B. HIBBARD, HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

In some respects this is the most marvelous of all the centuries in the world's history. It is the product of all that have gone before it, and the achievements of this century are the culmination of all antecedent generations, or as the distinguished Scotch preacher, William M. Taylor, D. D., phrased it, "The progress of the ages is made through the deposit left by each successive generation of individual men. * * * We are the heirs of all preceding generations." Hence the nineteenth is the crown and climax of all the centuries. The biographer or Victoria's Prime Ministers, G. Barnett Smith, says in his opening paragraph on Lord Melbourne, "The half century which began with Melbourne and culminated in Gladstone is the most remarkable in some respects in the whole annals of the Anglo-Saxon race." All this is according to a deep-laid, far-reaching, divine plan, and all history is the evolution of God's eternal thought, the unfolding of his unchanging plan, and the resistless march of his irrevocable purpose. It was this thought which suggested the sermon, "Every Man's Life a Plan of God," by a celebrated New England preacher. It was the same truth as seen by Lord Tennyson which inspired those oft-repeated lines:

"I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

Pushing out from its ancestral home in Central Asia, the Aryan race moved westward, the late brilliant Elias L. Magoon, D. D., said: "The travels of men and the trade currents of God move spontaneously and perpetually toward the West;" or as Bishop Berkley's familiar expression reads: "Westward the course of Empire takes its way." In its westward march it builded such nations as Greece and Rome, who carried their civilization, the highest and best the world had or could produce, to the ends of the known world. They had even pushed through the straits of Gibraltar up the coasts of Spain and France to the British isles. Then the world waited fifteen long centuries, prac-

tically under Latin control. During those long weary centuries of waiting the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic races were being developed as competitors of the then dominant Latin races. At the close of the fifteenth century America was discovered. The sixteenth century saw the beginning, while the seventeenth witnessed the culmination and glory of the colonization era. This was done in a solid, substantial and enduring manner by the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic colonists in New England and along the Atlantic seaboard. They had one immense advantage over other colonies and the nations of Europe in that they did not have all sorts and conditions of men in their new colonies. William Staughton, in an election sermon in Massachusetts in 1688, a famous year in Anglo-Saxon history, said: "God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain into the wilderness of New England." And another historian describes the colonists and founders of New England as "the sifted wheat of the old world," and Professor John Fiske, the brilliant historian of our day, says: "In all history there has been no other instance of colonization so exclusively effected by picked and chosen men." The colonists from France and Spain, the Latin races, were far less satisfactory; they had little or no genius for successful colonization, and hence ultimately lost all they attempted. The choice colonists of New England gave her vast influence and power in the counsels of the nation. Sometimes English jails and poor-houses were emptied on the Southern colonies, hence the poor "white trash" of the present day.

The colonization of America revealed wonderful possibilities of wealth and empire to European statesmen and of such boundless limits as Alexander and Cæsar never dreamed. None saw these possibilities more clearly, and measured them more accurately than did the Roman hierarchy, and in this matter of American colonization she had no rival. Far-seeing in her sagacity; wise-planning in her counsels; unrelaxing and resourceful in her grip and power, she had no equal during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in the wisdom and scope of her plans and efforts for the conquest of this continent. Through France, the favorite son of the church, she colonized Canada, pushed forward a line of forts and missions all the way up the river St. Lawrence, through the long unbroken chain of the Great Lakes to Chicago, a mere swamp and sand ridge; thence over a narrow portage of some thirty miles,

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—through which the great Chicago Drainage Canal has just been constructed—into the Illinois river, down that into the Mississippi and so on to the Gulf of Mexico. Simultaneous with this was the seizure of Florida and the West Indies by Spain, and thus the Latin races formed a crescent on three sides of the Anglo-Saxon and Dutch colonists on the Atlantic Coast. Such a state of things would sooner or later compel a conflict and death grapple between the old Latin races and their English and German competitors for the possession and control of this vast American continent. The fascinating pages of the brilliant and accurate Parkman abound in evidence on these points. Hence the Indian wars from which the English and Dutch colonists suffered. The temporary defeat at Fort Duquesne in 1755, followed by the decisive conflict at Quebec in 1757, which Baneroff pronounced "one of the most momentous in the annals of mankind," gave to the English tongue and the institutions of the Germanic race the unexplored and seemingly infinite West and North, and, as Palfrey laconically expresses it, "the French Empire in America was crushed." The fate of the Latin race on this continent was practically settled, and the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic established. The last vestige of Latin rule was not gone, but on that September day, 1757, on the Heights of Abraham, the God of Providence uttered his voice against Latin control, which Rev. Samuel Niles, a distinguished Colonial preacher and historian, styled "a wonderful work of Divine Providence."

Cotemporaneous with these events was the battle of Plassy, where Clive, whose genius, with that of Warren Hastings, gave England her empire in India, with 1,000 British and 2,000 Sepoys utterly routed 68,000 natives. Thus during a brief period of two and a half years the Anglo-Saxon race had secured forever the control of the North American continent and all Southern Asia, and henceforth its morning drum-beat "circles the globe with one continuous strain of the martial airs of England." Waterloo's fateful day,—June 15, 1815,—was a reiteration, on their own soil, to the nations of Continental Europe, of the irrevocable Divine decree issued on the Heights of Abraham, for as Victor Hugo says, "Waterloo is not a battle; it is a change of front of the Universe." The significance of the late war in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands, lies in this: the time had come when the last traces of this old decaying, incompetent and

out-of-date Latin control must be wiped out, in fact as well as in historic prophecy, however far afield some of our materialistic political philosophers may wander in their interpretation of these events.

This decree of Anglo-Teutonic domination had been entered ere the dawn of the Nineteenth Century, and the American Revolution, seemingly an internicine conflict between men of the same ancestry, speech and religion, was really enacted to secure the development of that supremacy on this continent according to the new American ideals—free from all the trammels, traditions and limitations, as well as the reactionary ideas and tendencies of the old world, though the English King and his premier could not see it. The results secured to freedom by Cromwell and his Bible reading, praying and Psalm-singing Old Ironsides, were not to be lost to the coming race, perpetuating the language of Milton and Shakespere. Hence, King George the Third and his type of statesmanship were doomed from all eternity.

But there were some good, honest, American born and bred men who could not see this; they were Loyalists, not traitors, and not a few of them, rather than renounce their allegiance to their King, returned to their native land, or, like the Huguenots of France, they sought new homes in foreign lands. Rev. Jedediah Hibbard, the founder of this church, was one of these Loyalists. Having gone from his native Canterbury, Conn., to Lebanon and Cornish, N. H., where he remained for more than thirty years after the surrender of Cornwallis—performing much missionary labor both in that State and Central Vermont—he pushed his way up into Canada and located here in this community, giving the balance of his life to this people.

A hundred years ago! What a strange world it was, and what strange possibilities were before it. The French Revolution was, as Carlyle rightly says, "a revolt of the oppressed lower classes against the oppressing or neglecting upper classes; not a French revolt only. No, a European one; full of stern monition to all countries of Europe." This Revolution had just passed; Napoleon—the mightiest intellectual force the world had known since Cæsar—ruling with an iron hand, was at the zenith of his power and glory. In England, the most enlightened, most favored and farthest advanced nation of Europe, the old sixteenth century ideas were still dominant, and the policy of George the Third

held on for yet thirty years. Chatham and Burke had passed away; Pitt was near the end of his career; the brilliant Canning was in his prime, but it was not till 1832 that Earl Grey, Brougham and their associates carried the historic Reform Bill; nor till 1846 that Sir Robert Peel—who, according to the historian, was the “greatest parliamentary captain of his time”—made his Conservative party, created by himself, carry the repeal of the obnoxious and oppressive Corn Laws, thereby adopting the policy which his political antagonists, Richard Cobden, Charles Villers, John Bright and Lord John Russell, had so long advocated, a feat which Justin McCarthy says gave proof of his rare statesmanship. Dickens and Thackeray, and Cobden and Bright, and Gladstone and others, men who so largely made Great Britain what she has been in this century, were unborn when this church was founded. Her gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria—“whom God preserve”—was not born till the founder of this church had been nine years in his grave down yonder in the Parish Cemetery. The close of the last and the beginning of this century was, as Prof. H. Morse Stephens, the historian, says, “not only a period of destruction, but a period of construction, and a time when democracy was going to have its say in English politics,” and I may add in world-wide politics as well.

Since the years embraced in the history of this church and those of this century are the same, I propose during the hour you have allotted me in this centennial service to speak of

SOME OF THE PROBLEMS AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

The illustrations employed will be drawn, for obvious reasons, largely from this continent and the combined field of American and Anglo-Saxon history. What, then, were some of these problems and how have they been solved?

First—The peopling of the entire country from sea to sea. When this church was founded the United States did not possess all the territory east of the Mississippi river. Spain ceded Florida in 1819. The Province of Louisiana, extending from Puget Sound to the Gulf of Mexico, came from France in 1803; Texas was annexed in 1845; California, Nevada and Utah, with portions of Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona were ceded by Mexico in 1848; the little Gadsen Purchase, south of Arizona, was made

in 1830, and Alaska came from Russia in 1867. Territorially, the nation has expanded to the country's limit, only the Dominion of Canada, Mexico and the Central American States await annexation to complete the continent. What is more—the United States one hundred years ago had less than six millions of people. To-day there are nearly seventy-five millions; that is, the population is twelve times as large as when this church was founded. Our old Anglo-Saxon home-land has grown from nine to forty millions, while our little neighboring State of Vermont, which in the nine years from 1791 to 1800 grew from 85,499 to 154,465, now reports 332,422. No one dreamed then that the seat of American power would ultimately be found in the Mississippi Valley; that out on those then unbroken, unpeopled and unexplored prairies Empire States were to be builded. To-day those great Central States, whose unmeasured possibilities are in the early stages of their development, hold in their hands the destiny not only of the great American Republic, but of the North American continent; aye, the entire New World—perhaps the world itself.

When this church was founded, in 1799, this Mississippi Valley had only a very limited and widely scattered population. To-day it has thirty millions of people, and at the rate of national increase during the century, when you gather here in 1999 to celebrate the second centennial of this church that valley will have a population of well nigh three hundred and fifty millions, and will then outstrip in wealth, population and power any civilized nation now on the face of the globe. The city of Chicago had no existence when this church was founded. In 1812 it was a little frontier stockade fort, with a few soldiers; in 1830, it had seventy inhabitants, about the size of your own Abbott's Corner village; in 1834, the year of my birth, it had three hundred inhabitants, about the size of Frelighsburg, now, as always, the "shire" of our East Parish of St. Armand. Today Chicago boasts a population of two million, or from one-third to one-half the entire population of the Dominion of Canada, or more than six times the population of the State of Vermont. These are samples of the way the century has been peopling this continent. The next problem of the century was this:

Second—The building of centers or focal points of the social, intellectual and religious life and power of the nation. A hun-

dred years ago there were no cities, in our modern sense of that term, and such as there were, were small and scattered; the overwhelming majority of the people lived in the country, on farms or manors, as in Virginia, after the old European custom. Hence the country man, the country church, country people and political leaders were the prominent ones. The dominant factors of the life of that day were of the country. Today population is massing in the cities, over one-third of the entire population of the nation being there now, and in a few years, experts say, more than half will be in cities. Hence, the right and successful government of cities is the most serious and perplexing problem of the age, but its solution passes over to the twentieth century. Thirty years ago I settled in a Vermont town of about one thousand inhabitants. In 1890 its population was reduced to 817, a loss of 283, or over twenty-five per cent, in two and twenty years, and the last United States census revealed over ten thousand other country towns in a similar decline, though the population of the nation is rapidly increasing.

During the last one hundred years the population of the country has multiplied twelve times; that of the cities has multiplied over eighty-six times. Still further, our population is being "foreignized" with strange rapidity. When this century opened the population of New England per hundred consisted of ninety-eight Americans and two foreigners. Today out of every hundred inhabitants New Orleans has 51 foreigners and 49 Americans; Boston, 63 foreigners and 37 Americans; Buffalo, 71 foreigners and 29 Americans; St. Louis, 78 foreigners and 22 Americans; Milwaukee, 84 foreigners and 16 Americans; Chicago, 90 foreigners and 10 Americans. Experts in criminology say these foreigners are two and a half times as prone to crime and three times as prone to pauperism as our native-born Americans. Is it any wonder that poverty and pauperism, and mobs and crimes of all kinds abound in our cities? Nearly half a century ago as keen an observer as De Toqueville said: "I look upon the size of certain American cities, and especially upon the nature of their population, as a real danger which threatens the security of the republic of the New World." Again, apparently the power of Protestantism has been declining in these large cities. A hundred years ago in Boston, for example, there was a Protestant church for every 1,200 of its population; today there is one for

every 2,500 of its inhabitants. Sixty years ago Chicago had a Christian church for about every 800 of its people; today it has one for every 2,500 to 3,000 of her inhabitants. That is the forces which make for sin and poverty, and crime and anarchy, and ruin are several times as strong today as they were when this church was founded. We do not wonder sometimes, then, that James Russell Lowell should write, "Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne." But those whose Bibles have not been "expurgated" of inspired and inspiring historic facts and cardinal truths by the "higher critics," so-called, will not forget that in the hour of Israel's extreme peril the death angel of her covenant-keeping God passed over the besieging camp of the enemy and 185,000 of the Assyrian soldiers slept the sleep that knows no waking in a single night.

Third—The economic and industrial problem, or the development of the earth's resources and the utilization of nature's unmeasured forces. A hundred years ago it required six days to make the wearying, comfortless journey from Boston to New York, a distance of 217 miles; it is now made, with all the luxurious comforts of an elegant home, in as many hours. The biography of the late Josiah Quincy of Boston contains an amusing account of his trip in 1795 in an old stage coach occupying the entire week. When this church was founded a modern railroad was undreamed of. The first locomotive for hauling trains was used in England in 1804, moving ten tons of freight five miles an hour, a wonderful achievement then. In 1825 passenger trains were hauled over the Stockton & Darlington road in England, but not till the opening of the Liverpool & Manchester railroad in 1830 was a passenger traffic established with modern traction engines, and when George Stephenson told the committee of Parliament he hoped in time to reach a speed of twelve miles per hour they were shocked and filled with fright at the peril involved. The first successful steamboat was Robert Fulton's "Clermont" on the Hudson in 1807, two years before Jediaiah Hibbard, the founder of this church, died. Dr. Lardner, the eminent London scientist, went down to Liverpool in December, 1835, and delivered a course of lectures, in one of which he demonstrated, with scientific accuracy, the absolute impossibility of a steamship crossing the Atlantic. April 5th, 1838, "Sirius" steamed out of Cork, and April 23 she was sighted down the bay

at New York, and I once heard Wendell Phillips say to a Boston audience that in the cargo of the "Sirius" was a consignment of volumes containing Dr. Lardner's famous lecture. The "Sirius" was a ship of 412 tons burden, and she made the transatlantic voyage in 18 days. The *Campania*, of the Cunard line, is a vessel of 13,000 tons and has made the voyage in 5 days, 7 hours and 23 minutes. The *Saxonia*, just launched, is of 18,000 tons capacity, or 43 times as large as the *Sirius*.

Then came telegraphs. The first successful commercial line was opened between Washington and Baltimore May 24th—Queen Victoria's birth day—1844; just three years after this identical brick meeting house in which we are now assembled was builded, and today almost no country is too wild, and no place too distant to feel the throbbing heart beats of the great world's life over telegraph lines. As we gather here in this Centennial, English men and English capital are constructing a line from Cape Town to Cairo, over 6,000 miles in length, through the great continent of Africa. The first successful submarine line was laid in 1866. Today ocean beds are almost a net work of cables. In 1834 the Late Cyrus McCormick constructed his first effective reaper. Today his machines, highly perfected, gather the harvests of every grain-growing country of the world.

Some of us old men remember the slow, tedious, backaching process of reaping and then cradling grain; of thrashing it with a flail; of gathering the hay crop with a hand scythe and rake, and of tilling the field with the old wood and cast iron plows. Today it is all done by horse and steam power. And it is so in every department of economic and industrial life; machinery does the work formerly done by man, so that according to a conservative estimate the machinery in operation in the single state of Massachusetts, all of it invented and put into service since this church was founded, represents the working capacity of one hundred million men. A further problem was,

Fourth,—The world's evangelization. About seven years before this church came into existence, October 2, 1792, William Carey delivered his famous sermon in Kettering, England which startled the religious life of Great Britain and America, and led to the undertaking of the grandest enterprise on earth. Of the Great missionary his latest and best biographer, George Smith, says: "William Carey's career of fifty years, from his baptism in 1783

and the composition of his Inquiry to his death in 1834, covered and influenced more than any other one man's the whole time." That is indeed high praise, when we remember it was the period such men as Chatham, and Burke, and Fox and Pitt and Canning, and Wellington, and Napoleon, were living figures in European history—that the humble, obscure, but godly cobbler of England outstripped them all, albeit the total visible financial capital of his enterprise was only £13 2s. 6d.—or about \$75. Little wonder that the wit of the English church and the Whig party, with the leading reviewers, sneered at the idea of evangelizing India's millions on such a financial basis as that. But they eliminated the grand factor in the enterprise. William Carey, humble and obscure though he was, believed in God, and when he died he left 26 vigorous Christian churches, with a large, active and aggressive membership, while he and his two associates had given out of their own earnings over \$400,000 in cash, besides years of toil and life itself, to the cause of the missions of India; and today that little £13 2s. 6d., which provoked the godless wit of Smith, has become a mighty stream of over ten millions of dollars annually. The ambition of Sidney Smith's life was to be a bishop of the English church, and he failed. The ambition of William Carey was to lay the foundation for the evangelization of India and win some souls to God. Did he succeed?

When young Judson proposed going to India as a missionary some of his friends urged him to desist and become pastor of the large, popular, wealthy, influential and cultured Park Street church in Boston. He went to Burma, and when he died in 1850 his son and biographer says he left as the result of his forty years work in that land 63 Christian churches, into whose membership over 7,000 converts from heathenism had been baptised, and the entire word of God translated into the Burmese language, the standard and classic in that tongue for all time. As Adoniram Judson looks over the battlements of Paradise and gazes on the Park Street church on one hand and redeemed Burma on the other, with Christian churches, schools literature, homes and a Christian civilization everywhere, think you he regrets the consecration of his young life in 1810 to foreign missions? When some one, in 1868, proposed a monument to the memory of B. C. Thomas, of the Henzada mission, the stentor-

ian voice of Secretary Dr. Jonah G. Warren rung out, "Shall we build a monument to his memory? Sixty churches, sixty native pastors and two thousand members are his monument already erected." Does Benjamin C. Thomas need a marble pile to perpetuate his memory? Rev. Jedediah Hibbard had been dead nearly five years when American Baptists, in the old First Baptist church in Philadelphia, organized their missionary society May, 1814, and today they have 850 churches, with 1,300 preachers of the gospel, and over 100,000 church members now living, besides the tens of thousands who have died.

But the real, vital point is not statistics, however interesting and valuable they may be. Opposers tell us there are more heathen in China and India today than one hundred years ago. Granted, if you will. Populations have increased very fast during this century—from five to seventy-five millions with us. But the crux of the whole matter is the effect of Christian missions on the great fabric of heathenism. Is Christianity changing, reconstructing the framework, the fundamental structure of heathenism in respect of its personal, social, intellectual, political and religious life?

If it is, missions are a success; if it is not, they are a failure. It is the testimony of missionaries of the longest service; of the largest experience; broadest culture; most far-reaching sagacity and comprehensive grasp, that missions are doing just this work; and this view is confirmed by the observations of the most competent, fair-minded and careful travelers from all lands, and, above all, by that large, thoroughly educated and competent body of civil and military servants of Great Britain and other lands. Their united testimony is to the effect that these missions have practically honeycombed those ancient and stately paganisms through and through, so that, on almost any special occasion, they are ready to crumble to the ground, leaving the heathen world free for occupation and control by our triumphant Christianity.

Since the delivery of this discourse I have read the fascinating life of the late Prof. Henry Drummond, and I insert his estimate of the worth of missionary work given after his last world tour, in 1890, embracing Australia, the New Hebrides, China, Japan and North America: "Most of us have seen a man or two, or a hundred or two—ministers, missionaries, Christian laymen—at

work upon the higher evolution of the world; but it is when one sees them by the thousand in every land, and in every tongue, and the mountain honeycombed and slowly crumbling on each of its frowning sides, that the majesty of the missionary work fills and inspires the mind."

Fifth,—The Recognition of the Brotherhood of Man. The unity of the human race is as old as creation itself, for God put into the warp and weft of humanity as its golden stripes this brotherhood of man and the comity of nations, and Paul enunciates the law in clearest terms in that matchless discourse on Mar's Hill, "For God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth." This law had been in existence from the beginning, but it had not been rigidly enforced; the world was not ripe for that, but with the coming of the nineteenth century came the fulness of God's time for its reassertion and enforcement. But alas, the world could not see it. A hundred years ago the old world was all cut up into little Ishmaelish states, kingdoms and dukedoms, the hand of each one against his fellow nations, save the experiment of the ages on this continent, where, as the great Lincoln said, we were trying to establish a government of the people, by the people and for the people. These nations were separated from each other by mountain ranges, seas or oceans, rivers, or, in some cases, only imaginary lines, with forts and soldiers on every frontier. The world's rulers, statesmen and diplomatists knew no other way, and generally wanted no other way. The French Revolution had practically annihilated the old feudal customs of Europe, especially in France, where they lingered longest, and kindled aspirations for freedom and liberty and rights among the masses, and with those new, widespread aspirations came changes for, as Carlyle says on Chartism, "New eras do come; there is no fact surer than that they have to come." But what did the world's leaders do? After the battle of Waterloo, in 1815, when the power of Napoleon, who had been the scourge and terror of Europe for well nigh a score of years, was broken and France in the dust, the Allies marched into Paris and restored the Bourbons! No new era in that; no helping the French people and the groaning millions of Europe to a better day and order of things. And to the Congress of Vienna, the most noted diplomatic assemblage the world had ever seen, England sent Castlereagh, as reaction-

ary as any prince of the house of Hanover; France sent the polished, adroit, cunning and unscrupulous Talleyrand; Austria had Metternich, whom to name is enough, while Germany and Russia's representatives—Hardenberg and Neselrode—were men of kindred aims and sympathies—every last man of them worthy of of the spirit of the seventeenth century, and their reactionary compact filled Europe with revolutions and bloodshed for half a century. But there was God's law of human brotherhood and national comity which must be enforced. By miracle? No; by natural means, supernaturally moved and guided, for God makes even the wrath of man to serve Him in executing his sovereign purposes in the world.

I have already spoken of the old, slow, tedious processes of earlier days. When the great Lisbon earthquake occurred, Nov. 1, 1755, in which 60,000 people, whole streets, blocks of buildings and wharves were swallowed up and perished forever, all in eight minutes of time, Captain Joseph Hibbard—a distant kinsman of the founder of this church—saw it all from his brigantine "Hannah" as she lay anchored well out in the harbor. He immediately sailed for New York, and the day after his arrival a full account of the awful calamity was published in the New York Mercury. That is, it took from Nov. 1 to Dec. 27 for the news to come from Portugal to America nearly eight weeks, and it came very quick for those days. There could be no world-wide brotherhood of man at that rate. The world—the whole world—must be able to read in its morning paper an account of every important event the world over of the day and night before—that will put every one of us in touch with the antipodes. Hence for this new era of universal brotherhood there must be these three things: (1) Distance must be annihilated; (2) time must be wiped out, and (3) the treasures of the earth, the sea and the air and all of nature's resources must be utilized for the service of mankind, the entire race. And that is what these railroads, steamships, telegraphs, telephones, steam-plows, mowers, harvesters, electric motors and lights, and the countless other inventions, together with the economical, social, industrial and educational changes of this nineteenth century signify. You remember after these things began to come in their fulness, Mr. Gladstone spoke of us Americans as "Our Kin beyond the Sea," the first outcroppings of the real enduring Anglo-American Alliance.

Is there a great fire in Chicago, consuming buildings by the thousands and property by the millions? Aye, and all the world knows of it in a few hours, and before noon of the next day there are thousands of pounds of good solid British gold placed in the banks of London, and Liverpool, and Manchester, and Birmingham, and Glasgow, and Edinburgh to the order of the Mayor of Chicago for the relief of the suffering people of that stricken city. That was "kin beyond sea;" the brotherhood of man; the fellowship of nations; a vital Anglo-American Alliance on God's lines.

Is an American President fatally wounded by an assassin's bullet in broad daylight in the nation's capital? The shocking intelligence encircles the globe ere nightfall, and Mrs. Garfield receives messages from all the crowned heads of the world ere the breakfast tray is borne to her chamber the next morning. It is "kin beyond sea," because all the nations and races are of one blood, and God, the Sovereign of Worlds, is emphasizing the stupendous fact.

Or does gaunt, deadly famine begin to threaten the millions of the Carnatic or the Punjaub? The sad intelligence is dispatched over tremulous wires and under seas from sunburned India to the farmers of Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas and Manitoba, and ere the sun goes down, as it were, train loads of their surplus corn and wheat are on the way to the seaboard that the millions of India perish not for lack of bread. It is "kin beyond sea," the Anglo-American and the Anglo-Saxon have not only learned that they are brothers, but that the hungry bronzed Hindus or Moslems of India are their brethren also; and the telegraph and the railroad and steamship have made possible this godlike relief. That is what they are for in the larger economy of God—their commercial uses are only secondary with Him.

Sixth—The Significance of the Wonderful Developments of the Nineteenth Century. As has already been suggested, the world had been getting ready during all the preceding centuries for the nineteenth, the most wonderful of them all, and probably more has been accomplished for the race during this one than in all the centuries of the past. The significance of this century, then, lies in its relations to that which is to follow. The problem before the world a century ago was to complete the exploration, the settlement, peopling, bringing under the control of

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civilizing agencies, the development of the resources, and the evangelization of all continents, nations and races of mankind. That, in general terms, has been and is being done, though not complete in all its details. There are no more worlds to be discovered; no more continents to be explored. Darkest Africa was the last, and there the work is well in hand, so that the end is easily visible. Japan has been transformed into a modern nation; China is being divided into spheres of influence or slices of territory for the leading nations of the earth; only the high table lands of Thibet yet remain to be reached and transformed, and we can now see how that will come to pass. In like manner, Christian evangelization has been carried to all nations and nearly to all tribes, hamlets and homes; the word of God is translated into practically all tongues. In a word, the Nineteenth Century has done its work; we stand on the threshold of the Twentieth—what next? What does the Nineteenth mean in respect of the Twentieth?

The word of God plainly tells us that when certain things are accomplished—things which the Nineteenth Century has done—"then shall the end come." There is no equivocation about it, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. The few unfinished details will be completed long ere the next century terminates, and then shall come the final crowning climax of all the world's history. The Aryan race, which God raised up for the discovery, exploration, civilization and evangelization of the entire world, starting out from its eastern home long centuries ago on its westward triumphal march, has, in our day, completely encircled the globe, moving steadily forward, generation after generation, and century after century, westward, it has, in this closing decade of the Nineteenth Century, reached the point whence it started, and now awaits the final act in the world's great drama. While capitalists, syndicates and statesmen, looking only at and for earthly things, are contending for concessions, spheres of influence, open doors, for trade and similar things, the Church of God, with its vision on things divine, eternal and far-reaching, awaits the grand denouement.

It is a significant event that the nations of greatest and ever increasing prosperity and power are Protestant nations, while the waning, declining, ever-weakening nations are those whom Romanism dominates. The Papal church, by a strange fatality

linked its fortunes and destiny with the Latin races and nations, and must accept their doom. During all these centuries, however wild or great the apparent confusion, God's one, eternal, unchanging purpose has been moving on steadily, grandly, triumphantly to its glorious culmination, when the earth "shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea," and when Christ's "dominion shall be from sea to sea and from the river even unto the ends of the earth;" when the "Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it."

And, therefore, we should ever bear in mind, as says Dr. Richard Salter Storrs, the peerless American pulpit orator, "Divine Providence is working in history toward one result, steadily steering toward one haven and port, the earth renewed in righteousness and beautiful before God; and then this dispensation of the Spirit, in which we have our time after the resurrection." That is what all the centuries from Bethlehem and Calvary meant, and that is what the stupendous problems and transcendent achievements of our own century mean. Like Moses on "Nebo's lonely mountain," we may see it in vision beyond our Jordan, but the promised land shall yet be possessed, according to the word of the Lord, for, as Dr. Storrs said again in that masterly address before the recent International Congregational Council in Boston, "There is One that sitteth above the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; and His plans go forth soundless and silent, except as they come into operation. But they never are broken; they never are drawn back, and the world has to learn more and more clearly every century that the banners of God are those that never go down in any struggle; and that whosoever walks and works with God is sure of the triumph."

But some one says: "Brother Hibbard, have you not a word of admonition and encouragement on this occasion for this little Abbott's Corner church as it starts out on its second century of life and struggles?" "Yes, brethren, I have, and I have journeyed one thousand miles to deliver it.

First—You have survived the one hundred years. Many churches established a hundred years ago are dead. Most of them were founded from good motives, but God did not call for them.

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Some churches were planted in rank sectarianism, and they died: they deserved to die. Others originated in a mistaken, misguided zeal, and they are also dead. The New Testament says: "Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up." You have not been rooted up; you were of God's own planting. One of the saddest maps I ever saw was one showing the location, names and number of dead Baptist churches in the State of Vermont, but the Abbott's Corner was not on that map, and so God has engraven over your doorway, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's pleasure to give you the kingdom." God has and does perpetuate your church life because it means something to Him. The fig tree that stands not for fruitage is cut down. There must be fruit or the tree will perish;—you have not perished.

Second—You have done something worthy of yourself and your opportunities. God knows your gifts, your ability, and the productiveness of your field. You have had, all told, about 500 members during the hundred years, at the average rate of five additions a year. I recently read of a large, wealthy, influential city church, with a large salaried pastor, a paid choir and all the accompaniments of such a church, which reported but one added to its membership by conversion last year, and the religious papers are asking, does it pay?" During these hundred years this little Abbott's Corner church has added, we trust, five hundred names to the Lamb's Book of Life; five hundred stars to the crown of Jesus' rejoicing, and five hundred divinely attuned voices to the heavenly choir. You have sent ten men into the gospel ministry, one out of every fifty, and that is a large proportion, one which most churches do not equal. None of these men, so far as I ever knew, claimed to be great men, but they have done something. Some thirty years ago I baptized one Sunday two ordinary young men; both became ministers, and are in the ministry today, and one told me a few weeks ago he had baptised over eleven hundred converts. I taught school out on "Coniac street" in 1852-53, and my uncle Charles Hibbard wrote me from Burma to do my best, as I did not know what my pupils might become. Pastor W. G. Scofield of Richford was one of those pupils, as full of life and mischief then as he is of grace and good works now; the life and mischief of his boyhood was the promise and prophecy of the Christian life and

service of his ripened manhood, and he grows better every year.

Then this church has given spiritual birth and training to some noble men, who have served here and elsewhere as God's laymen—pillars in the churches where they live. Their names are not on your list today, though God knows them well, but they were converted here, and when God "maketh up his jewels" he will say of this and that one, "He was begotten in Christ unto God in Abbott's Corner church." They stand to your credit; no one can measure the good they have done as your children. Besides, there have been noble women not a few. They have not been public speakers, nor writers for the press, nor yet leaders of temperance, or suffrage or other crusades, but they were women of sterling moral worth, of great, good common sense, and sanctified Christian lives. This has been a clean, pure church. I have read carefully every written word of its records, and scandals and quarrels are not there. I repeat, it has been a clean, untainted church, which God has guarded as the apple of his eye.

But beyond all this, the church has stood here a hundred years, and let its light shine out in all directions for miles around, lifting up the public tone of this community, ennobling men's lives, securing better homes, inspiring higher social and political ideals. The standard of life and character of this church was high—it was decidedly Puritanic, as the records show. This church has helped to give Abbott's Corner and vicinity its high type of Christian civilization.

I am sometimes told there are lots of good men outside the churches. Of course there are—a proof of the vital power of the church itself. You can't have results without causes. If typhoid fever breaks out, your skilled physician knows there is a polluted, poisoned well somewhere. Good men are made such by good causes, and a Christian civilization is created and sustained by Christian forces. I do not remember to have ever heard any profanity or seen an intoxicated person at Abbott's Corner. You don't have saloons, Sunday horse races, Sunday baseball games and kindred vices, because these Christian churches during the last hundred years have created a public moral tone and sentiment which will not allow them. I remember the experiment was tried once in or near Frelighsburg, when George Ayer, Horace and Harlow Chandler, Rodman Whitman,

Chauncey Abbott, Johnson Hibbard, Casper Miner, Dea Janes, and I know not how many others, joined with my father in solemn protest against it, and it was abandoned. The word of God says it is the "holy seed," not your rich men, or your successful business men, or your smart politicians that create and preserve the moral tone of the community, Nay, but the "holy seed shall be the substance thereof." What keeps the pork in your barrel month after month? The breed of the pig, because he was a White Suffolk, or Berkshire, or Poland China?—or because the barrel is made of ash or oak or hickory? Nay, nay, but the salt. If that be good, and enough of it, the pork will keep irrespective of the breed or barrel timber. Hence Christ said of Christian people, "Ye are the salt of the earth." These Christian churches have been the moral salt of this community for a hundred years; may they abide a century more.

Third,—Your Duty to Live. Eighteen years ago I spoke to you of the value of country towns and country churches to the world, and showed you how the men who make the history of each generation come from country homes as a rule; that these country homes, country towns and country churches are the birth-places and nurseries, in the great majority of cases, of the world's great men. I have given the matter much attention since that former celebration in 1881, and the importance and truthfulness of the position then taken has become more clear and cogent every year. I have called your attention briefly today to the decline of the country towns, the country churches and the country homes, and the massing of the people in cities. Marshall Field and Philip D. Armour, millionaires in Chicago; John D. Rockefeller, America's (perhaps the world's) richest man; Joseph Cook, the great lecturer; Thomas Baldwin and Adoniram J. Gordon, the peerless Baptist preachers of Boston—were all born and bred in country homes, in country towns, and had their early moral training and religious life in country churches. I might mention scores and hundreds of others like them in these respects. Now, if the country homes and towns and churches perish from off the earth, where will the great, strong, successful and wise leaders come from? Pessimists tell us there are no such men in our public life today as were Webster, and Clay, and Calhoun, and Seward, and Sumner, and Chase and Lincoln. Are the fountains drying up? The same is true of the British Par-

liament. These men were those who, as the brilliant historian, John Lothrop Motley, said, "discovered that the great intellectual law prescribed by the Creator is the science of history. To induce mankind to conform to that law is the science of politics." No distribution of offices as party spoils and consequent corruption of the public conscience in that. Oliver Goldsmith wrote some things the world will not let die. Here are half a dozen lines:

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish, or fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath hath made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

The massing of populations in large cities removes the "bold peasantry" from the country farms, towns and churches—those birth and training places of the young men and women whom the world must have. As these country farms supply bread and food for the cities, so they furnish the young men to build and perpetuate the business and the church life of these cities. When God wants men for great deeds, for bold, heroic services, where does he go for them? When the time came to begin in earnest the systematic work of exploration, evangelization and redemption of South Africa; did he go to great cities of Edinburgh, or Glasgow or to the Universities? Nay, he went to a busy woolen mill where, in its heated, stifling atmosphere was a poor country lad who entered that mill when only ten years old, working for a few shillings a week, and laying his hand on him said: "David Livingstone, to Africa."

Ah, my brethren, if the little Bethlehems and Nazareths perish from off the earth, where will the world look for its Christs and Redeemers? Abbot's Corner is one of these little Bethlehems and Nazareths; it must not perish! Hence, your duty to live—"Quit you like men." This, brethren, is my message to you to-day. Farewell. May the God who inspired, guided and kept the fathers, be your God for the next hundred years.

ORDER OF SERVICES.

The day dawned all that could be desired for an early autumn day, and at 10:00 o'clock A. M., the large assembly was called to order by the venerable pastor, Rev. Arnold, L. Arms, and Rev. W. G. Scofield, of Richford, Vt., made chairman of the day. "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow" was sung with vigor and deep feeling by a well-trained choir, led by Student Pastor Baker, who also presided at the organ. My old Fairfax classmate, 1861, Rev. Joseph G. Lorimer of Georgia, Vt., offered an excellent prayer. Student Pastor A. G. Baker delivered a timely

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

You need no formal address to make you feel at home here today. Many come back to the home of your childhood, where you will see many a familiar face and greet many a familiar friend of earlier years. This old church is not a stranger to you; it may bear the marks of time, but it has done its work, though many of its sons and daughters have wandered the wide world over. Its doors are thrown wide open, and we bid you enter. Sit again in the old family pew and live over again in your hearts the happy scenes of the past. We welcome you, therefore, to your old church home and the church home of your fathers.

You have come from Freleighsburg, and Franklin, and Berkshire, and Bakersfield, and St. Albans, and Georgia, and from all this community round about us, as well as from Montreal, and Boston, and New York, and Chicago, and Minneapolis. We welcome you also to our homes, and best of all, to our hearts. We are all one, and belong to the same great family of God, and all rejoice with this old church celebrating its hundredth birthday.

We must today also do honor to the memory of the men and the women who were loyal to God, through prosperity and adversity alike. We all admire their sturdy Christian characters and lives, and will seek to imitate their noble conduct that we, too, may be worthy of imitation by those who shall follow us, for what better legacy can we leave our successors? In our reunion today we see another evidence of God's preserving care. A hundred years ago God planted a little church in this community; it had

at the outset only seven members. The little grain of mustard seed began to grow and throw out branches and, notwithstanding losses by death, removal, etc., it is alive and vigorous today, and is growing yet. God does preserve his church, and he does work through it. The greater the difficulty encountered the greater the blessing received, and today this church is a living monument of the power and preserving care of our covenant keeping God.

Today our prayer is, that your meeting with us may stimulate to greater devotion and zeal as we enter upon the second century of this church's history; that the second may be better than the first century, and far more abundant in fruitfulness. Again, on behalf of this church and community, I extend to you all our honest, hearty, Christian greeting and welcome.

Rev. W. G. Scofield made a brief response; rejoiced in the "student pastor," and the prosperity of the church. This day has been talked of, planned for and prayed over these many months. Eighteen years ago our motto was "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us," and it is our motto still.

The choir sang with expression "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord," and Rev. W. G. Scofield read Pastor Arms' historical discourse, after which Student Pastor A. G. Baker read the supplementary history from 1881 to date. Lewis B. Hibbard of Highland Park, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago, then delivered the Centennial Discourse, and, notwithstanding its length, the large audience, to their honor be it said, listened attentively to the end, though many were standing in the aisles and vestibule. The choir sang "How Firm a Foundation;" Rev. Whitman Hibbard Stanley pronounced the benediction, and the people adjourned for dinner.

AFTERNOON.

The congregation re-assembled at 2 o'clock P. M., larger if possible than in the forenoon, opening with an admirable, delightful Praise Service, led by Rev. J. W. Humphrey, pastor of the Methodist churches in Frelighsburg and Abbotts Corner. Ex-

tracts from letters of former pastors and members were read, portions of which are herewith given:

ITHACA, N. Y., August 27th, 1899.

FRIENDS AT ABBOTTS CORNER :

I pen a few thoughts suggested by the Centennial, regretting that University duties preclude my presence. Ninety-eight years ago my father's grandfather, Jedediah Hibbard, was installed as pastor of the Abbotts Corner Baptist Church. It was there that my father, Charles Hibbard, began his Christian life of usefulness as missionary in India and pastor in Vermont. At yonder green place of peace, guarded by the lofty Pinnacle pile, reposes his earthly temple until the day of rising, where also do other loved ones. Memories are dear when you and I revisit the consecrated spot. Is it any wonder then, that Abbotts Corner sees, gathered from far and near, the many whose past can tell like, yet different tales, and that its surroundings and scenes and church are the mecca of many a remembrance as the years roll on ?

Another thought comes to the country-bred, who have settled in the larger centers of population; the thought of country influence in molding and directing national affairs. The sober student of society; reflecting upon the moving powers in business and professional life, is forced to concede to the villages a power out of all proportion to their size.

One has but to look about the circle of his city acquaintances, and to read not carelessly the names in the daily and periodical literature in order to recognize the influence of men who once were boys of the farm and village. Parents who are rearing their children amidst city difficulties realize with anxious care that their surroundings are not conducive to a vigorous, sturdy independent, innocent childhood and youth. As I remember my father's belief that missionaries in India must send their children home to be brought up, so the city father wishes that, for his children's sake, he were living in the country. Happy is the boy and girl whose life is made up of brooks and trees, meadow and garden, farm and household duties, with mates who, like himself are living and growing as God meant for youth.

After the foundation, comes the structure; after the preparation, the achievements. It is often said that the city takes the best from the country; at least is it true that the city offers the larger opportunity for wide success. But the opportunity is solely

for the man who is most completely prepared by nature and by self. The intense competition of city life will make the man of little above average ability—a failure. There are vastly more laborers than contractors; more clerks than merchants; more pettifoggers than statesmen. If there are boys to hear this word, who have it in mind to go to the city, let me urge you not to do so unless you feel within you an unconquerable persistence, a fadeless enthusiasm, a boundless energy, that can compel success out of delayed advancement; that can beat down unfair opposition, that can wring recognition from envious competitors. And to these qualities, if you are perfectly sure that you have them, add the best education which you can get. Of village school? Oh, no—more than that. Have you the money with which to get an education? Many and many a young man has gone to school on his own resources; my own father, from the Piñole farm, among them. And yet, a boy compelled to work during his school course too hard, to support himself, loses much. Parents, have you a boy or girl who longs for an education with an intensity which should appeal to you? Let him not go unheeded. Do not value your adding lands and growing bank account beyond your son's future success in his pursuit. Make sacrifices and endure privations even to give him the start. I say, then, let country youth be joined with fullest preparation, and the world offers its highest rewards.

It is not alone through the boys it has sent to the city that the country influences national affairs. Today the great force of conservatism rests in the farming communities. Occasionally they are led astray by shallow and transient crazes, perhaps more in the West; but, on the whole, the nation is safer because of the common sense, intelligence and unswerving uprightness which are conspicuously attributes of country life.

Let it be one feeling, then, of those who are assembled at the Centennial of a country church; that hearts be thankful for a pure childhood; grateful for physical, mental and moral preparation for life work; and, while remembering that the cities' and nation's greatest men were oftenest country bred, let us be appreciative yet of the balance-wheel influence still emanating from those whose lives are always to be country, the controlling or regulating power which, through God's help, keeps the land in peace.

H. WADE HIBBARD.

FLESHERTON, Aug. 30th, 1899.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS:

It is with joy that I congratulate you on this, your hundredth anniversary. I congratulate myself also that I have had the honor of serving a church so venerable. Pleasant memories crowd my heart as I recall the two happy summers spent in your midst. The kind reception and entertainment received in your respective homes, and your patient and respectful hearing on Lord's Day are yet fragrant in my mind. I am sure I wish you, as a church, for days to come, peace and prosperity and the blessing of the Lord. As thy days so may thy strength be. May you renew your youth as the eagles, and at a hundred years be like a young man ready to run a race. May the light at Abbotts Corner never go out till the Light of Heaven himself comes. It is a gracious privilege to be the salt of a neighborhood for a hundred years, to sweeten its life, to preserve it from corruption and make it a healthful and pleasing place in which to live. May the salt of this church never lose its Saviour.

Dear brethren, remember that our Savior said: "As my Father hath sent me into the world, even so send I you into the world." You are charged with the same mission as Christ. "I am the light of the world." "I am not of this world." "Ye are not of this world." "He that receiveth you receiveth me, and he that receiveth me, receiveth Him that sent me." God is light, and God is love; ye being made partakers of the Divine nature are light and live in the Lord. Yours, A. J. DARROCK.

KENMORE, ONT., Aug. 8th, 1899.

DEAR BRETHREN:

It is with peculiar interest, and feelings of mingled gladness and sadness that I remember the Abbotts Corner Baptist Church, and the few months I spent in its fellowship and service, eleven years ago, summer of 1888. I feel glad of the acquaintance and connection I have had with a church having so ancient and honorable a history. I thank my God upon every remembrance of its worthy Pastor Arms, and many of its members. I feel sad when I think of the dear old church being enfeebled by the removal of so many of its members—some to other earthly scenes, and some to the eternal world. I pray that the golden candlestick may not be removed, but that it may remain as a light that

shineth in a dark place until the day dawns, until the Savior shall appear. I pray also that the Centennial celebration may be a blessed occasion; and that it may mark the beginning of a new period of holy usefulness.

Yours sincerely,

J. R. JACKSON.

CROMPTON, R. I., Aug. 9th, 1899.

MY DEAR BRETHREN:

So your anniversary at Abbotts Corner is going to be celebrated in reality! How I should enjoy being with you. For perhaps no other as well as myself could say AMEN to all the good things which are said about the folks of Abbott's Corner and a radius including the Berkshires and East Franklin; and I'm sure no one ever appreciated quite as heartily as I did their hospitality, their liberal gifts, their words of cheer and their sympathetic prayers.

I shall ever remember my three summers at the Corner as endless days. When, without any friction whatever, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Unitarians and Atheists united in worship of Almighty God.

Had I time to go to the celebration of the dear old church's struggles and victories and shake hands with you all and look in the eyes of those I love; could I let my heart speak to your hearts in prayer and testimonial meetings; could we once more gather around the baptismal waters; could we kneel together a little while in prayer and let our souls speak with God, and mingle in each other's joys and sorrows.

My experience at Abbotts Corner, though brief, was unique. It gave me, as nothing else ever could, glimpses of Heaven through green graves. May the dear Lord bless you all,

YORK. A. KING.

Rev. W. G. Scofield, father of the author, read the following

❖ CENTENNIAL POEM ❖

BY MRS. BERTHA SCOFIELD-MASSE.

Men of this generation !
Dwellers in this fair land !
Know that your fathers have builded
A structure not made by hands.

until the Savior
celebration may be
beginning of a new

R. JACKSON.

Aug. 9th, 1899.

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K. A. KING.

and the following

Firm rock was its foundation,
Not yielding sandy plain,
'Tho' floods and winds conspired to
O'erthrow it, 'twas in vain.

Its form hath risen lofty
And stood for a hundred years !
Bearing the world's temptations,
Bearing its many fears.
Its men—but a small, weak handful,
But brave of heart though few,
Have stood for the grand old gospel
And patient have been, and true.

And when has fallen a leader,
A Moses from out the band,
'Tho' mourning in deep dejection,
Yet "Up, and possess the land!"
Has ever been the watchword;
On! Though the way be dark;
Trust in the Lord Jehovah,
And press toward the mark.

A few with the Lord are mighty,
Without Him a host is weak.
Be strong and of good courage !
His guiding presence seek,
Observe to keep his counsels,
Study through all thy days
How to seek first His righteousness,
How to show forth His praise.

His promise is unfailing,
If ye your part fulfill.
In the past He hath sustained you,
Go on to do His will.

Then, shall your way be prosperous,
O, church of an hundred years!
Your God is great and mighty;
Press on, yield not to fears.
And when another century
Shall have rolled its train of years
Freighted with human lives and loves
Beyond earth's smiles and tears;

Still shall the light be shining
Steady and pure and true,
Because you did your duty
You, of the faithful few.
And when round His throne shall gather
God's faithful under the sun,
This church shall stand at His right hand
With life everlasting won.

GRAND LIGNE, QUE.,
AUG. 29, 1899.

This was followed by brief speeches by the following

persons in the order given, each speaker being called out in a very felicitous manner by Rev. W. G. Scofield, the president of the day.

Rev. Edwin Prenty, of East Franklin, Vermont, facetiously expressed his delight in being among so many good "hard-shell" Baptists. He spoke of that revival in the old stone school-house on Whitney hill, my boyhood home, among the converts of which were Eleanor and Jane Carty, George C. Pratt, Lewis B. and Salmon P. Hibbard and some others. He said he never supposed Lewis B would turn out such a "boy" as he found him today. He spoke of the fathers, whom he remembered, and bade the church go on and be encouraged.

Rev. Joseph G. Lorimer, of Georgia, Vermont, said his excellent dinner in the "Tent Ebenezer," oppressed him too much for a speech. He said in former times Rev. T. M. Merriman and other theological students used to make Abbott's Corner a sort of half-way house on their way to and from their homes in Derby, Staunstead and other far eastern townships and the Baptist College in Montreal. He mentioned Rev. Charles Hibbard and his work at home and in India and his grave here. The young people of our day have a wonderful future, a great trust is reposed in them by God. May the next century show noble records for this church.

Rev. Whitman P. Stanley, pastor of the Methodist church in West Berkshire, Vt., said he began to feel proud of his Hibbard ancestry, though he was a Methodist. He congratulated the church on its history, and said he and his brethren were hand in hand with us conquering sin. The fathers look down today on this scene and are happy. Let us go on hopeful and victorious.

Deacon C. C. Manuel, a Congregationalist of Richford, Vt., said sometimes he could hardly tell whether he was a Baptist, Methodist or Congregationalist; he had good times with them all. I had supposed you sent all your good material once to Richford when you sent pastor Scofield and his family, but I see you have plenty left. May God bless and prosper you.

Deacon Salmon P. Hibbard said: I am glad to be with you today; it is right and just that we pay honor to the founder of this church. The nation, the community or the church that does not pay honor and respect to its founders is not worthy of a place in history; the men who "blazed" their way through the

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forests to the pioneer settlements of this country and founded these hill-top and valley churches, are worthy of all respect and honor. For 100 years this church has stood as a beacon light helping on those early settlers to a sturdy, virtuous and upright life. It never will be known this side of eternity the good this church has done this community alone, neither will ever be known the hardships endured by the first pastor, the sacrifices made. "He builded better than he knew." The foundations of this church were laid broad and deep in the everlasting promises of God, and for 100 years, I am glad that it can be said to the credit of this church, no uncertain sound has come from its pulpit, its doors have never been closed. A recent article in one of the leading magazines in New England told of the sad condition of many of our country towns. The subject of the article was "Impending Paganism in New England," and the author went on to state that in the round of his own knowledge and recollection, there were towns that twenty-five to fifty and seventy-five years ago had two or three Evangelical churches, and some four, while now the doors were all closed and in their place, perhaps a Catholic church or no worship at all. This certainly is a sad state of affairs and should be remedied. Our best men from the cities come from country churches. We surmise the founder of this church would rejoice could he look down through this century. Ministers and missionaries not a few have gone out from its walls and done noble service. It has been my privilege since I went to Boston to be associated in church work with one of the grandest pastors that ever lived; a man known far and wide for his fidelity to truth and his Evangelical principles; for his missionary zeal; ardent for the spreading of the gospel; his name and church have become known the world over; "He builded better than he knew." He entered into his rest some five years ago, but truly his labors follow him; the church goes on in all the departments of the work. He founded the Gordon Missionary Training School, for the training of young men and women for pastors, pastor's assistants and missionaries; the church is known far and near for its missionary zeal, having missionaries and Evangelists on almost every field in the known world; I refer to the Rev. A. J. Gordan, D. D., pastor of the Clarendon Street Church, Boston. He was a country lad, born and bred among the hills of New Hampshire,

of goodly parents and puritanical principle. In his boyhood was laid the foundation for a broad education, deep spiritual life, and a consecrated service.

Maintain your country churches and may the record of this church be the record of all country churches. fidelity to truth, fidelity to the Evangelical truths of the Bible, and always its pulpit every Sabbath in the year proclaim the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. I have said the founders of these country churches, particularly this one, builded better than they knew, contemporaneous with the whoop of the Indian or the howl of the wild beast was heard the admonishing words of the minister; "Peace on Earth; Good Will to Men," and as the smoke from the many stone chimneys of the log cabins of the early years ascended heavenward, so went upward as a sweet incense the prayers from many a family altar, and today children's children are reaping the benefits if those early prayers. and generation after generation will rise up and call the founders of these churches "blessed." This community has always been noted for its high moral standard, largely due to a fidelity of these early pastors. Let us cherish their names, and wish that their followers may build as broad, as deep and as well as they builded. I am glad to be with you today, to renew old friendships and wish you God speed for the next hundred years, the second centennial, when I hope to be with you.

Deacon Albert A. Ayer, of Montreal, said yesterday he visited the old school-house site between the Horace and Harlow Chandler homes, where he attended school fifty years ago, taught by a noble "old maid," whose influence on his life he felt still. So of us, it is our influence that tells, and when thirty years old characters are formed. What kind of lives are we living, and what is and shall be our influence on others. What has this church done for me. If I am not better in all respects from its influence there is failure somewhere.

One of the guiding, molding influences of my early life was the reading of the Bible. My mother never failed to read the Bible, and I read it because she did and wished me to read it, and its influence on my life and character was very great. We had but few books, and before I was ten years old I had read the Bible through.

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clination is to seize things that are easy, but we only get the best of things by struggles, and I want those who neglect the church, and its privileges and blessings, to turn from that course, even though it may cost an effort. Many young men go to the cities to get into business, but my early home was in the country, and I love it still, and this church. Mr. Ayer's was an excellent speech, and I wish I had it in full, instead of the few notes I was able to take as he spoke.

Rev. John Currie, the Scotch Evangelist of Montreal, delivered one of the most unique, interesting and scriptural speeches to which I have listened. It was founded on Psalm, 119:11. "Thy words have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee," which he applied as "a good thing, in a good place, and for a good purpose." There are many sacred books in the world, but none like the Bible. Dr. Gordon was like a ripe peach, he was so full of the Bible. Liberal churches die, because they lay aside the Bible. I was delighted with Brother Ayer's speech, because he so emphasized the Bible. This is no adequate report of a rare speech; I found when I came to write it out that I had no notes of it.

Rev. W. G. Scofield, of Richford, said: This centennial celebration helps me to realize more than ever how great is my obligation to this church. Unlike our visiting brethren here to-day, whose early homes were in this vicinity, and who were baptized into the membership of this church, and then early in life removed to other places,—my early life and on till I had reached the age of forty-seven years were spent here. The question has often been in mind, as I have thought of this occasion, what would my life have been but for the constraining and hallowed influences of this church. Although my conversion was at Fairfax, and that church will always have a warm place in my heart,—this has been my training ground: here I was baptized and given a place and standing with God's people; here the responsibilities of Christian service were laid on my shoulders; here was accorded me the privilege of doing something to help in the great work for which we were organized; here my children were early taught the way of life, and two of them giving their hearts to the Lord were baptized into the membership of this church; one at thirteen, and the other at twelve years of age, and now one of them lives to tell the story of Jesus and

His love to the young students of Grande Ligne Mission, and the other, including the youngest, who came into the church at Richford, are swelling the glad anthems of victory in the church triumphant. God bless the children who are sheltered in this fold today. Bear with me in this personal talk while I tell you a little more of my experience. For many years I was leader of the choir, and because of the exacting responsibility of this position, I was the more careful to be present at all the regular and special services, many of which I otherwise would have missed. This demand on my time and the sacrifice it often cost me, I used to sometimes think was a loss, but now I can see that it was a gain. Once when there was to be held a two days' meeting, my uncle, Columbus Scofield, came to see if I would attend, and I told him I would some of the time, but my farm work pressed so I could not spare two days that week. He told me to attend all the time and help the church, and he would send a man to work on my place, which he did. I did not understand then as now what a blessing it is to a church to have some one who is ready to make sacrifices for its good.

As superintendent of the Sunday school for many years, I was compelled to stand before the school and say a few words and offer prayer, which at first was a heavy cross, but which was the means God used in leading me into a more active Christian life and eventually into the ministry. I am confident of this, had I never been a Sunday school superintendent for years. I had never been a minister. Then the work of general collector and financial agent of the church and filling the offices of clerk and deacon, all were instrumental in developing my untrained powers of mind and fitting me for the work the Lord has given me to do, these last seventeen years. This church has been my Alma Mater, and I may say with equal truthfulness that Rev. A. L. Arms has been my Gamaliel, at whose feet I have been brought up and whose faithful ministrations have gone far to make me what I am. Well do I remember that special meeting in 1875, when Rev. Jonathan Tilson and Rev. Charles Hibbard came to us, sent of God, as it seemed to me, for the church did not call them. (Charles Hibbard once told me the plan originated with him, and Albert A. Ayer, of Montreal, became responsible for the expenses.—L. B. H.) It was a joyously thrilling experience to see those we had so long prayed for coming

Mission, and the church at y in the church eltered in this ile I tell you I was leader of ity of this po- he regular and l have missed. ten cost me, I see that it was s' meeting, my attend, and I work pressed so e to attend all a man to work l then as now who is ready

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out on the Lord's side. Then in 1878 Rev. John Currie came, to our great joy, and many more of our young people were added unto the Lord.

It was a difficult thing for my good wife and children and myself to do to sever the relationship existing between us and the church and go to another place for our field of labor. Neighbors and friends, the pastor and the church, all opposed it, and yet I felt I must do it or make but very little progress in the work that was actually demanding all my time. Do not accuse me of ingratitude, rather believe with me that it was God's will, and let the record of his approving smile upon my work in Richford these thirteen years strengthen that belief. Country churches all over the land, and this church in particular, suffer from removals. Some of them have been left desolate by such losses, and eventually ceased to exist. At one time it looked probable that such a fate was in store for this church, but by the grace of God, and faithful, persistent efforts of a few, the work has been carried on; new ones have been brought in, and at this completion of 100 years there is good promise of life and encouraging prospects ahead. It is said a Baptist church never dies; it sometimes goes down like a meadow-mole into the ground, but like it, comes up again perhaps somewhere else; it does not die. The fact that this church has lived 100 years has changed the world into a different world than it otherwise would have been. Far off India has felt the force of a personality from this church that has changed the people there, and widened and increased the light that is now shining upon that darkened land. We miss today our brother—the late Rev. Charles Hibbard; but while we mourn his death, we rejoice in the grand work he accomplished and the victory he has gained.

The United States and Canada, this great American continent stands affected today in no small degree, because this church has braved a 100 years of Christian service. Yes, I can go farther than that and say that all heaven is inspired with sweeter music because of many that have gone up, and are continually going up to join the grand chorus of the redeemed through the influence, directly or indirectly of this church. If the good deed of an individual done for and in the name of Jesus, goes on and on in its influence in ever widening circles till the end of time—how much more the influence of a Christian church sus-

taining the preaching of the Gospel for a 100 years will go on in its influence, broadening, deepening, widening, and reaching out here and there over the face of the earth, wherever its members and their influence shall be known and felt.

It is indeed a glorious occasion, this coming together a family, a people to celebrate this centennial day. Although our work is so great and far reaching, we are not a large family. Probably 500 names would cover the entire number of its membership from its organization to the present time. (Those who are or had been members of the church stood up at Bro. Scofield's request.—L. B. H.) Could all those once members here who have passed on to higher life, be counted with us today and all who have been brought into the Christian life in other places through the direct and indirect influences of all the present and past members, what a mighty army we should see. Does it pay to support churches that preach Him crucified; that demand of their members a reformed life, the result of regeneration; does it pay to be true and faithful in all our relations with the church, with the world and with our God? Let the history of the church of God, in her onward progress during the past century be our answer. Let the influence of the gospel in all its civilizing and enlightening power over the world, as seen in reformed manhood's consecrated lives and Christlike characters, be our assurance today, that nothing in this world pays so well. And yet we all believe that the revelations of the eternal future can alone tell us how richly it pays to serve the true and living God in all his divinely appointed days.

May the influence of this centennial day be a mighty inspiration to this church and this congregation, leading every one to realize better than ever before how glorious is the cause in which he is enlisted, and how blessed are the fruits of persistent, faithful, consecrated service.

The venerable senior pastor, Rev. A. L. Arms, whose voice has failed him, stood up, and whispered a few words, of thanksgiving for this day, the gracious dealings of God in the past, and an inspiring hope for the future. The large congregation then stood, and all sang. "God be with you till we meet again," and after the benediction, we adjourned at 4:15 o'clock p. m., till September 6th, A. D. 1999, and 10 o'clock a. m.

The audience lingered long in the meeting house and out on

the lawn, photographs of the assembly grounds taken, old friends, after years of separation, gathered in groups for reminiscences, many knowing they would never meet again "this side the ridge." Not a few partook of supper, which the good people of all sects and denominations at and about Abbott's Corner had so generously provided, ere they drove to their homes, some many miles away. There were tears in scores of eyes that day that had not been similarly moistened for a long, long time, and many a warm hand-shake, the warmth and vigor of whose grip will long be remembered.

I cannot close this account without thanking the people of Abbott's Corner and vicinity for the generous and magnificent manner in which they cared for us all, and instead of a few hours I want to go and spend days, or weeks among them and the scenes almost sacred to me. Two large tents, one for a kitchen and one for the "Ebenezer Dining Room," were set up on the church lot, where patient and faithful men and women worked and served their guests all day till long after daylight. Such kindness cannot be forgotten, and Abbott's Corner has a warmer place in my heart than ever before.

HISTORICAL MEMORANDA.

Robert, the First, was the founder of the Hibbard family in America. He was born in Salisbury, England, in 1612, when Oliver Cromwell was a lad of 13 years, and James 1st was King. He married Joanna Walden, and came to America in 1636 or '38 with, and at the request of Gov. John Winthrop, of Massachusetts, as a salt-maker for the young colony. He proved a valuable and important citizen; prospered in business and held offices of public trust, as the early records of Beverly, now being published, show. He settled in Salem, which then included what is now Beverly. George E. Hibbard, of Chicago, visited his old home in 1899, and dug up from his old salt-works some of the brick Robert put in there 260 years ago, when he first built his works. They were members of Pastor Higinson's Congregational church. They had ten children. He died May 7, 1684, and his wife about twelve years later.

Robert Second was their sixth child, born in Salem, May 7, 1648; married Mary Walden, of Wenham, Mass. They had

eleven children, and he died in Windham, Conn., April 29, 1710, where his elder sons settled in 1698, while he and the balance of his family went there in 1700. The letter of dismission which he took from Wenham in 1700 to the church in Windham, was among the prized treasures of the latter church in 1886, and the original farm on which the family settled in Windham in 1699 remained in the successive Hibbard generations till 1881, period of 182 years.

Robert Third was born at Wenham, Mass., July 8, 1674; married Mary Reed, Dec. 3, 1702. They had ten children. He was one of the first Hibbards in Connecticut, and died June 26, 1742, and his wife died March 7, 1763, about twelve years before the Declaration of Independence.

John was their oldest child, born at Windham, Conn., Oct. 3, 1704; married Sarah Durkee, Sept. 22, 1725, and settled near or on "Little River," Canterbury, Conn. They had thirteen children. He was a farmer, and died in 1762.

Jedediah, the founder of this, Abbott's Corner church, was their eighth child, born in Canterbury, Oct. 4, 1740; died at St. Armand East, Province of Quebec, Canada, Oct. 4, 1809. He married Mary Porter, in 1762, a daughter of Col. Porter, Canterbury. Her family were wealthy, of high social position and were staunch Congregationalists, and she remained such till her death in 1813. Soon after their marriage it seems that Jedediah, his wife's father and brothers prospected and located lands in Lebanon, N. H., for Jedediah's name appears on deeds 1763-64, though they did not take their families into that new country till 1765, as their oldest son, Roger, was born in Canterbury in 1764. In 1766, Jedediah was elected "tything man;" he was also public surveyor of lands. The New Hampshire Secretary of State informs me that their state official records show that Jedediah enlisted for service on the "Alarm," about Ticonderoga, N. Y., June 27th to July 3, 1777, in Col. Chase's regiment, and also went as Sergeant Major, Sept. 22 to Oct. 23, 1777, under General Gates at the battle of Saratoga, N. Y., where Gen. Burgoyne capitulated, Oct. 17, 1777, with nearly 6,000 British soldiers.

The historian of Lebanon, Rev. A. C. Downs, says Jedediah was an "enthusiastic Baptist;" he helped organize churches in that and other towns about, besides his farming, surveying and

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other duties. Backus, the Baptist historian of Middleboro, Mass., signed a certificate of fellowship and recognition June 11, 1771, for one of those churches, and says Jedediah was ordained in Lebanon, in 1784.

He came to Abbott's Corner in 1797, and settled in a home on the James Lee place. His original farm extended from the Frelighsburg and Corner, "Joy Hill" road south to the "line" between Vermont and Canada, and from the west line of the old Chandler farms to the east line of the Rodman & Simeon Whitman farm. They had nine children, and my grandfather, Nathaniel, the youngest, was twelve year old when they came here.

It was his habit for many years during his residence in New Hampshire, to go off on horseback on long missionary tours up through central and northern Vermont, even into Canada. These trips occupied from one to three months each. Sometimes he went alone, but more frequently Elisha Ransom, of Woodstock, John Hibbard, of Royalton, Roswell Mears, of Fairfax, Joseph Call, of Cambridge, Gov. Ezra Butler, of Waterbury, or others accompanied him. They accepted what the people gave them, which was not much, for the people were poor, but those men of God did not suffer or complain. He told Isaac Backus that he had made several of these extended journeys and founded a church at "Caldwell's Manor," and Judge J. D. Farnsworth, of Fairfax, said he was the spiritual father of very many in all northern Vermont. From 75,000 to 90,000 people settled in the northern half of that state during the dozen years following 1790, and the demand for missionary work was very urgent. The New Hampshire records show that he was an ardent patriot, and not a "loyalist," as I stated in the Centennial Discourse. He and his wife were buried near the center of the old parish cemetery, in Frelighsburg, and the stones marking the spot are in a good state of preservation.

JEDEDIAH HIBBARD'S CHILDREN.

Deacon Roger Hibbard was born in Canterbury, Conn., in 1764, and died in East Franklin, Vt., at the home of John K. Whitney, Nov. 3, 1848. He married Sarah Stickney, of Rowley, Mass., an aunt, I think, of Jonathan Stickney, so long a leading member of this church. Roger had the Harlow and Horace

Chandler farms, as well as the Whitman place, up on the hill, and where his son Roswell lived for a time. Roger's home was the Harlow Chandler place, and I suppose he built that house, now the home of Edmund Ingalls. It was in Roger's home that his father, Jedediah, was installed as pastor of this church, August 27, 1801, and Roger was elected deacon in 1806, and continued to serve forty-two years till his death. I remember him, as one of the finest types of a genial, dignified, earnest Christian manhood I ever knew. He would walk over from "John K's" to our home, some two miles, of a Saturday forenoon, take dinner with us, and then go with my father to the Corner to covenant meeting. They had twelve children, and spent their last years with their son-in-law, John K. Whitney, who married their daughter Philura.

Martha, a woman of great force and energy of character, was Jedediah's second child; she was born in Lebanon, N. H., as were all the rest of his children, and married Samuel Cleveland, of Royalton, Vt., a markedly able and successful business man. "Aunt Cleveland" was born to rule, and did it.

Lois was his third, born in 1768; married Zadock Robinson, and they lived for some time on the south end of her father's big farm, now the Armstrong place. Her descendants are "out west" somewhere.

Samuel Porter, born in 1770; had the farm north of the Armstrong road, later owned by "Elder" Homer Smith. He and his family went to Ohio, and thence to central Illinois where many of his children and wife died, and he finally went to Oregon, where he died and is buried in Lafayette, near Portland.

Eunice, born in 1777; married Ebenezer White, of Royalton, Vt., and I know no more of them.

Jedediah L., their sixth child, was born in 1775; married Ann Hotchkiss, who died February 5th, 1828, and is buried in the family lot in Frelighsburg. "Uncle Jed" lived with his father; was a commissioned officer in the local militia; was wounded in the battle of Plattsburg; sold his commission to Orren Kemp, of Frelighsburg; went to Lockport, N. Y., and spent his last years with his son, Ahira, and was buried there.

Sarah, born in 1778; married Dr. Gilbert Jenne, the local physician. When I knew her fifty years ago she lived with her son, Simpson, a couple of miles north of the Corner. For many

years they were active members of the church, but became Universalists. She was a most earnest Christian woman till her death, and she kept me reading "Edwards on the Affections" to her all the evenings I spent there while teaching in the J. M. Scofield stone school-house. Norman Jenne, of Frelighsburg, is her grandson.

Mary, or Susannah, was born in 1781; married John Miller, of Nova Scotia, an older brother of Daniel, who married Deacon Rogers' daughter, Sarah. What became of John and family I never learned.

Nathaniel, my grandfather, was born in 1785, and died at Branchport, N. Y., Nov. 21, 1854; married Eleanor Johnson, of Berkshire, Vt., in 1805, and she also died in 1854. He owned and lived for many years on the first farm south of his father's, where Hazard Thomas once lived, now owned by a Mr. Grice. He had a large saw mill below the road, on the brook south of the house. The last years of his life he spent with his son, B. Johnson Hibbard, on the farm at the foot of the "Pinnacle" mountain. He was a captain in the militia and sole "commissioner" for many years of the Commissioner's Court, a local tribunal of great excellence and efficiency and small cost. He was warmly attached to the church, of which he was for two extended periods the efficient clerk. His memory is precious to me as to all his grandchildren.

I have thus given a brief account of the founder of this church and his children, for the sake of their many descendants and the future historian of the church. But before I pass to other topics I wish to mention one of his grand-children.

Mrs. Martha Hibbard Wier, daughter of Jedediah L. Rev. Jedediah's son, "Uncle Jed," as I just remember him. She was born October 19, 1810, at the old original home, the Lee place, and died in 1889, wanting a few weeks only of being 90 years old. Soon after her mother died, in 1828, she went to live with her "Aunt Cleveland," in Royalton. Not satisfied there, she went to Lowell, Mass., in midwinter on a stage-coach; worked in the cotton mills, where nearly all the girls were native Americans; in two or three years she married James Wier, and went to western Pennsylvania, and never saw one of her kindred from the day she left "Aunt Cleveland's" till she came, with her daughter, Mrs. Wilson, to my home in 1888, a period of sixty

years. She sat looking at me nearly an hour without saying a word, then began to tell me of my father and mother as she knew them before their marriage, and then of other relatives and the old residents in and about Abbott's Corner. And thus we visited for several days, and from her I learned more of the old times, the old people of all the region than I ever knew beside. She made the first plan of the old meeting house, described the singers, the preachers, the customs, etc. She had the most remarkable memory; full, clear, vivid and accurate of any person I ever knew. After the death of her husband, and the marriage or death of her children, she lived with her daughter, Mrs. Martha Wier Wilson, of Minneapolis.

PERSONAL SKETCHES.

Dr. Jonas Abbott was one of the early settlers, and a great friend and helper of this church, though not a member of it. He was either the originator or one of them, of the first Sunday school in connection with the church; bought its supplies,—largely verse cards for the children in learning their verses. He lived in the large house, known in my day, as the home of Chauncey C. Abbott, his grand-son, whose father, Lieut. Col. Jonas Abbott, built the house for his father, the doctor. The Colonel lived up on the hill near the old meeting house, where Mason Abbott lived many years, and is now the home of George Salisbury, and was an active Sunday-school man. Col. Abbott was a member of the church, and very intimate with Rev Jedediah Hibbard's family, as Mrs. Wier told me. He died April 23, 1834, and his grave is near the center of the parish cemetery at Frellghsburg.

Dr. Allen Miner; born in New Hampshire in 1766, was the father of Casper and Maro, and grandfather of Allen Miner, Abbott's Corner's present merchant and postmaster. He was an early settler, and long a prominent member of the church; married Sarah Flint and had seven children. For years he was one of the most influential and highly esteemed citizens of that region. Several of his children and grand-children, as the list shows, were members of the church. He died May 29, 1843,

aged 76 years. His wife, Sarah Flint Miner, died July 17, 1815, aged 45 years.

Elias Truax, born in Albany, N. Y., July 4, 1772; died in Franklin, Vt., February 4, 1875, aged 102 years, 7 months; married Anna Whitman, who died in 1838, aged 66 years. It was in his home, a mile north of Cook's Corner, or St. Armand Center, that Rev. Jedediah and his family spent their first night in moving from Lebanon to St. Armand. As I remember him he was a lovely Christian man and of remarkable vitality.

Rev. William Galusha, born July 2, 1775; died about 1850. Probably one of the constituent members, was licensed to preach May 24, 1806; called to the church as second pastor, July, 1810, and filled the office for fifteen years. He lived on Deacon Roger Hibbard's "upper place," the Simeon Whitman farm, during most of his pastorate, or till Roswell, Roger's son, married and wanted it about 1820. He lived also in Franklin, and attended more funerals, probably, than any other man in northern Vermont. He was strongly opposed to the Miller type of Second Adventism, which fixed upon April 14, 1843, as the time "when the world would come to an end," as they styled it. Capt. A. Leland Galusha, of East Franklin, told me the snow was four feet deep that day, and he was comforted because the snow would put out the fire. I was hopeful the "Bowker," or Pike river, would quench the flames, child that I was. My brother, S. P. and I failed to fill the wood-box and cut the turnips for the calves, as the coming end of the world made it unnecessary. Elder Galusha had two wives, with thirteen children by the first and six by the second wife. His first wife, Esther Lawton, died March 14, 1823, aged 46 years.

Wesley Galusha, his second child, was born July 16, 1798; died in Sutton, April 21, 1879; married Daphne Tolman, who died February 22, 1848. All my boyhood he was the boot and shoe man of Frelighsburg. A beautiful singer, gifted in prayer and remark, a frequent visitor at my father's. He organized and was the first superintendent of a Sunday school in East Franklin, in the old school house, up where the road turns up to the Leonard Ford, now John Wilson, farm. He was a frequent exhorter in early christian life, and leader of the old church choir for years.

The Scofields were numerous; came from Canaan with or

soon after Rev. Jedediah, who was the founder and pastor of the Canaan church before coming to Abbott's Corner. The originals were Capt. John, who died Jan. 2, 1842, aged 86 years, and Lydia Clark Scofield, who died April 18, 1836. Their children were as follows, according to my mother's family record. Sarah, born in 1779; Miriam in 1780, John Bunyan in 1781, Lucinda in 1784, James in 1786, Jessie in 1789, Lydia in 1791, Lewis in 1794, and Betsey in 1797. Of most of these I know little or nothing. John B. married Welthyana Basford and had children Lorenzo D., Julia and Olive, and lived on the Lorenzo farm. He died September 24, 1814, aged 33 years. His wife married Nathan Stevens and had two more children, Hiram and Paulina. She died December 24, 1864, aged 82. Lucinda married Mr. Tyler, and among their children were Major, a long time West Berkshire merchant, and two daughters, Harriet, Mrs. Collier, of Whitehall, N. Y., and Esther, Mrs. Phelps, of Stanbridge, members of the old choir. James married Olive Basford, sister of J. B.'s wife, and lived on the Columbus Scofield farm. Their children were Columbus, who gave in 1840 the land for this brick meeting house, and in 1858 ten acres of valuable land for the parsonage lot, and united with the church June 17, 1876, died October 10, 1881, aged 75. I remember him as a man of rare intellectual ability and strength of character, an unhewn boulder from God's quarry of good, strong men. His widow, Mrs. Ellis Deming Scofield, was with us at the Centennial. James' other children were Marvin G., father of our associate pastor, Rev. Wellington G. Scofield, of Richford, Vt. He died August 6, 1841; aged 39. Also Welthy, Lydia, J. Mason, near whose home in Dunham I taught my first school in 1852-53, John B. and Emeline. Jesse, for some years a deacon of this church, married Eliza Martin, who after his death married Robert Noble, of East Franklin, Vt., and died September 24, 1866, aged 72. Lydia, my maternal grandmother, married first Solomon Baker, who died April 1828, leaving her, my mother and two sons, Henry drowned in 1850, and Solomon R., who was with us at the 1881 celebration, and died Jan. 12, 1891. She then married David F. Carpenter, and they lived for years in the brick house now the home of Arnold E. Bridge and family. She died July 2, 1860, and he December 27, 1860. His children by a former wife, were one son, Edwin, father of Mrs. Deacon Hanson H. Hibbard, of

this church, now of Dunham, also, Mrs. Harvey D. Smith, Mrs. Lorenzo D. Scofield and Mrs. Chauncey C. Abbott, all of whom, save Mrs. Smith of this church, were worthy members, and with their families, pillars for years of the Abbott's Corner Methodist church. Lewis Scofield emigrated to "Upper Canada" in early life, and Betsey married John Ingalls, and died October 13, 1851. Nearly all these Scofields were members of this church.

The Ayers were a prominent family in the church, though less known to me. I am indebted to Deacon A. A. Ayer, of Montreal, for the facts. The family originated in James, born in England and died in America. His son, William was born in Haverhill, Mass., and died in Plaistow, N. H. His son William, Jr., was born in Plaistow, May, 1743, three years after the birth of Rev. Jedediah, and died in St. Armand, Que., May 23rd, 1820. His children, all born here, were Mary, in 1776, and married Daniel Chandler, the father of Horace M. and Harlow Chandler, James, older than Mary, I think born in 1768, was the father of our Abbott's Corner James, children Henry, my old schoolmate one season, now of Columbus, Ohio, and Abigail. Then there was Bela, who lived in a square house, a little east of the Geo. W. Ayer place, on the Frelighsburg road; born in 1783, and father of Mrs. Geo. W., and grandfather of Albert A., of Montreal. Abigail, born in 1788; married Henry Baker, who used to live west of Frelighsburg in that big half brick and half stone house, a most hospitable home. Then there was a John, "Uncle John," as he was known, of Stanbridge. Also Daniel, born about 1776, whose children were Zoa, born in 1802, and married Deacon Isaac Janes; John, who went to Texas, a daughter, Mrs. Boomhower, whose descendants live in Plattsburg, N. Y.; another, Mrs. C. Tree, of Stanbridge, then George W., Albert A's father, and Daniel, who went to Massachusetts and built "Ayer City," near Lowell, and one or two others who died young. Bela Ayer, above mentioned, married Susan Rogers, a lineal descendant of John Rogers, burned at the stake in England for his faith, and allied to the Roger Williams family, the founder of Providence, R. I. Both were lifelong members of this church, and all their children became Baptists. They were Mary, Mrs. Geo. W., and an octogenarian and with us at the Centennial, living now with her son, Deacon Albert A., in Montreal; William, of Berkshire, whose two sons are now in

Richford; Roger, who went to Minnesota, and Horace, of Lodi, Wisconsin.

Deacon Isaac Janes, so many years a pillar in this church, all of whose nine children followed their parents into the church. He was born in Berkshire, Vt., October 19, 1804; married Zoa Ayer, December, 1826, and both united with this church soon after. He died September 2, 1882, one of the most quiet exemplary and faithful Christian men I ever knew. Of his children, Horace, my school "chum" at Fairfax, a very bright and promising young man, died in Beloit, Wis., March 22, 1860. Newton lives in Richford; Addison in Berkley, California, while Adelaide died February 4, 1887, leaving several children in Berkshire, and Pruella, now Mrs. C. T. Maynard, of Bakersfield, Vt. Deacon James' was a fine family, but afflicted with fatal tuberculosis, and several of his children died of it.

Rev. Arnold L. Arms, for so many years the faithful, patient pastor and historian of the church, was born in St. Armand, Que., Nov. 11, 1822; son of William, a Vermonter, and Abigail Woodworth Arms, of New Hampshire. He was converted in 1838, baptized into the Richford church by Rev. William Rogers, its pastor, August 11, 1839; licensed to preach December, 1850; was educated in the public schools, and Enosburg, Bakersfield and Derby academies. In my boyhood he was widely known as one of the very best teachers in all that region. He married Maria Ruey Hurlbut, Nov. 8, 1848. They had two children—a son and daughter; the latter died, aged 16 years. He was ordained in Richford, February 17, 1853. He has assisted in ordaining some fifteen other pastors, a rare record, and helped settle not a few church troubles and other public work, and has preached in all the towns about, acting as pastor in Richford, Montgomery and Berkshire, Vt., Potton, Sutton Flats, and this church in Canada. His pastorate here covers about thirty years, and has been fruitful of very much good. He has spent nearly his entire life near the place of his birth in the southeast corner of St. Armand East near the Richford line. His Canadian records are as follows: Marriages 231; baptisms 185; funerals 206; birth records 203. And all these years he lived on and managed his farm. Venerable in years and service; loved and honored by all, he was with us at the Centennial, a "shock of corn," ripe for the garner of his Lord.

Rev. Wellington G. Scofield, associate pastor of the church, was born in Sutton, Que., March 12, 1839, and his father, Marvin, died when he was a year and a half old. His mother, Laura Parker, two years later married Seth Westover, with whom W. G. spent his minority. He was converted while attending the New Hampton Institution at Fairfax, Vt., baptized into this church by pastor Rev. Abram Bedell, March 17, 1863, and for twenty years he served it as Sunday-school superintendent, clerk, collector, treasurer, chorister and deacon, a service of inestimable value to the church, and of great value in training him for future influence. He was licensed to preach in 1883, and ordained to the ministry June 24, 1885; accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist church in Richford, Vt., began his work there Sept. 1st, 1886, and has during those nearly fifteen years, proved himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. He married Miss Mary Margaret Ingalls, and of their children, only one, Bertha, wife of Prof. A. E. Masse, of the Grand Ligne Mission, survives. Her beautiful Centennial poem appears elsewhere in these pages. His daughter Mary, who died several years ago, was the wife of Prof. H. Wade Hibbard, second son of Rev. Charles Hibbard, and now Principal of the new Post-Graduate school of Railroad Engineering of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

Rev. Charles Hibbard, youngest son of Nathaniel, and grandson of Rev. Jedediah, was born near Abbott's Corner, Dec. 21, 1823; entered Worcester Academy, Mass., in 1843; in three years fitted for college. Entered Brown University; had 14, Hope College, a room subsequently occupied by his two sons, Dr. Nathaniel, of Providence, and Prof. H. Wade, of Cornell. Graduated in 1850; at Rochester Theological Seminary same year; graduated June, 1852; married Susan A. Robinson, of Providence, July 27; ordained Sept. 14, and sailed for Burma, as a missionary, Sept. 18, 1852 in ship "Edward;" returned from Burma, June 8, 1866. Was several years a successful pastor in Chester, Vt., then in Vergennes and Middlebury, building up two new and weak churches. His failing health compelled him to retire. He died in Providence, R. I., Sept. 30, 1887, and his remains lie in the Abbott's Corner cemetery, by his own request. He was not a great man, as the busy world measures greatness; but he was a zealous, faithful Christian and pastor, and one of the best and truest men I ever knew: All loved him.

I want to say a word of my father, Deacon Casper B., an elder brother of Charles; born Dec. 29, 1808; converted in Nov., 1839; elected Deacon in 1843, and served till his death. He married Eleanor M. Baker, April 4, 1832, and they had three children, Lewis B., Salmon P., and Mrs. Lydia H. Pomeroy, who died in Franklin, Vt., Jan. 29, 1878. Of his attachment, devotion and service to this church, it is not mine to write. My mother died Nov. 7, 1867, and my father July 7, 1885, and their graves are in the beautiful cemetery at East Franklin, Vt. Our lifelong home was on "Whitney Hill," two miles south of Frelighsburg, now owned by T. G. Campbell.

NOTES OF SPEAKERS AND OTHERS.

Rev. Joseph G. Lorimer, of Georgia, Vt., my classmate at Fairfax, was born at Beebe Plain, Que., Feb. 4, 1833. His parents were natives of Scotland, and deeply religious; converted while at the Derby Academy in 1848; baptized May 19, 1849; licensed to preach in 1854; entered the New Hampton Institution at Fairfax in 1855; graduated from the theological department July, 1861, and was ordained pastor of the Derby, Vt., Baptist church, October of the same year; married Almira A. Hale, Sept. 3, 1862, and became pastor of the Georgia Plain Baptist church, Jan. 1, 1877. Let me add that Bro. Lorimer was the model Christian student in all his schooldays, as the faithful pastor since.

Rev. Edwin Prouty, of Franklin, Vt., is very dear to my heart, as I was converted under his preaching. He was born in that town, Dec. 11th, 1820; converted Nov. 13, 1838, at 8:30 p. m. in a revival meeting in the old Olmstead schoolhouse which stood very near the present brick one at East Franklin; was baptized by immersion, May 12, 1839, and united with the church in 1840, promising God he would always speak for Christ when opportunity offered. Married Mary A. Stimson, grand-daughter of Deacon Roger Hibbard, May 14, 1841, and they set up the family altar of prayer the day of their marriage, and it was never taken down, and omitted but twice during all their married lives, when he was at home. She died May 16, 1896. He was licensed to preach Nov. 25, 1851, and served as a lay local

The Rev Prouty was a Methodist

preacher till May 25, 1859, when he was ordained Deacon at Saratoga, N. Y., and then ordained Elder at Montpelier, April 22, 1866. One year he filled the appointment at Georgia and North Fairfax, making the round trip of 70 miles from his Franklin farm and never missed a Sunday. He has held meetings with conversions in probably every town within a radius of fifty miles of his home, mostly gratuitous work. That first school-house revival, on Whitney Hill, in 1852, in which I was converted, was a type of all his work—his converts held out, and heaven only knows how many hundreds of conversions have resulted from his labors. His life and work should be written to show what a godly consecrated farmer can do. There is no worldly wise, spirituality enervating new theology or higher criticism in his preaching, but the word of God just as he found it in the Bible, and the God of the bible honored his faith and labors in salvation of men.

Deacon Albert A. Ayer, of Montreal, was born at the Geo. W. Ayer homestead; married Carrie R., daughter of Johnson and Mary Ann Hibbard, Sept. 9, 1867, they have lived all these years in Montreal. Both were members of this church, as will be seen from the list. They first joined the old First Baptist church; was elected a deacon when only 26 years old. They went with the eighty who swarmed from the old First and formed the "Olivet," of which he has been a deacon from the first. He has been secretary, treasurer and president of the Missionary Convention, over twenty years one of the Grand Ligne Mission Directors, some years president of its board and now Chairman of its Executive Committee. In business matters he has been during all his Montreal life in the butter and cheese trade. Early became an exporter, and his firm, I suppose, is now the largest of the kind in the Dominion. He is president of the large Merchants' Cotton Co., the Laurie Engine Co., the Laprairie Brick Co., the Whitham Shoe Co.

Deacon Salmon P. Hibbard, my only brother, passed his youth on our home farm; was converted with me under Edwin Prouty's preaching; united with this church; went to Boston, in 1863. United first with the Fremont Temple church, with Justin D. Fulton, pastor; in 1869 went to the Clarendon Street Church, the late A. J. Gordon, pastor; has been for many years one of its deacons; was prominent in Y. M. C. A. work for many years;

on the board of managers of the Newton Theological Institution; one or two terms President Boston Baptist Social Union; in the city council; one of Dr. Gordon's right hand men in his varied evangelical enterprises. Has been in the butter, cheese and bean trade all his Boston life; Secretary and Treasurer of the Chicago, New York & Boston Refrigerator Co., owning, building and operating lines of refrigerator cars. and I know not what other similar enterprises. He married Harriet Sturtevant in 1868, and they have always lived in Boston.

Rev. Whitney P. Stanley, pastor of the Methodist church in West Berkshire, Vt., is a great-great grandson of Rev. Jedediah. His mother, Mary J. Hibbard Stanley, was a daughter of Jesse, and grand-daughter of Deacon Roger. Rev. Mr. Stanley was born in Franklin, Vt., March 12, 1861. Educated at the Montpelier Seminary, and Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.; married Carrie M. Allen, of Enosburg, Sept. 26, 1894, and has been a successful pastor at Johnson, Swanton and West Berkshire. He is a young man of ability and promise, a worthy descendant of the founder of this church, though never connected with the church.

Omri Ford Hibbard, Esq., of New York, was not called upon to speak, but he was at the Centennial. He is the oldest son of the late Capt. Edward L., who was a son of Jesse, and grand-son of Roger. Omri F., was born in East Franklin, Vt., July 11, 1861; fitted for college at Goddard and Williston; graduated at Harvard University in 1884, and the Law school in 1886, and established himself in New York city, where he has a large and successful practice. He is a vestryman in an Episcopal church in the city of his residence, Brooklyn, N. Y. Though never a member of this church, he was and is apparently as interested in its history and its success as any of its children, and none entered more heartily into the spirit of the Centennial than he, though only a silent listener that day.

Mrs. Eleanor M. Hibbard Truax, of Franklin, one of my father's sisters and Rev. Jedediah's only grandchild present, was born in St. Armand, Feb. 18, 1819; baptized into this church Nov., 1839; married Elias Truax, Jr., April 4, 1852, and has since lived in Franklin. She remembers the old church, and told me where her father, Nathaniel's two pews were. She was a successful school-teacher for some years before her marriage. I was a pupil in her first and last school.

Mrs. Mary Ann, and Mrs. Susan A. R. Hibbard, widows of two of Rev. Jedediah's grand-sons, viz: B. Johnson, of Abbott's Corner, and Rev. Charles of Providence, R. I., sons of Nathaniel, were present also at the Centennial. "Aunt Mary Ann" united with the church by baptism the same day as my father, Nov., 1839. "Aunt Susan" was never a member of this church, though "Uncle Charles" was converted here; baptized into this church and is buried in your beautiful cemetery.

B. Johnson Hibbard, a younger brother of my father, died June 13, 1871; his widow was with us at the Centennial, and his oldest son, Hanson H., has been for many years a deacon of this church. He never wanted any office in church or state, only to know and do his duty toward God and his fellow men. He was one of the meek of the earth who bear its burdens without complaint. Would to God there were more such.

There are many older members and friends of this church of whom I wanted to make note, but I know nothing about, especially such men as Rev. Homer and Johnson Smith, Jonathan Stickney, Casper Miner and many others. I just remember the elder, Simeon Whitman, who had the square pew in this house, now the choir platform, built especially for his use, after the style brought over from England by the Puritans, and found in nearly all the old meeting houses in New England. Then outsiders, as Harvey D., son of pastor Homer Smith; David Smith, that "sweet singer," and the leader of the choir, with Reuben, his brother: the Chandler "young folks;" Emma and Martha; daughters of Jesse Hibbard, and others whom I do not remember of that choir of my boyhood fifty years ago. I would like to write of them all, and more besides.

REV. JEDEDIAH'S DESCENDANTS.

The following is a list, so far as I could remember or get them, of his descendants who were present at the Centennial, Sept. 6, 1899. I give the descendants of each of his children in their order, beginning with his oldest.

ROGER.

Mary, Roger's oldest child, was the mother of Mrs. Rev. Edwin Prouty, whose daughter, Florinda, Mrs. Asa Wilson, and perhaps one of her children, I think, were there from East Franklin, Vt.

Jesse, Roger's ninth child, was represented by his oldest daughter, Mrs. Emma H. Smith, Brattleboro, Vt., her sister, Mrs. Martha H. Hazzard, St. Albans, Vt., and her daughter, Mrs. Martha Brill and husband, Franklin; Capt. Edward L. Hibbard's widow, Mrs. Charlotte F. Franklin, Vt., and their son, Omri F., of New York city, and his daughter, Justina. Then Mrs. Mary Jane Stanly and husband, Philo H. Franklin, their son Hilbard Stanly, wife and son Hobart; also son Rev. Whitman P. Stanly, wife and daughter Marjorie West Berkshire; also Mrs. Lydia P., Whitman Hibbard's widow.

Philura Roger's next child married John K. Whitney, of Franklin. Her daughter, Mrs. Helen Holden, St. Armand Center, and her two sons, Homer and Edgar. Then John L. Whitney and wife, of Richford. Also Capt. Orloff H. Whitney's (who died June 2, 1863, in the Union army), only daughter Helen, Mrs. Col. Olin Merrill, Enosburg Falls. Also Rebecca Whitney Ford's grand-daughter, Marion G., Richford, Vt.

Olive Porter, Roger's youngest daughter, wife of Harlow Chandler; her son, Malcolm L. Chandler, St. Albans, and Winifred C., daughter of Mary Chandler Ingalls, Enosburg Falls, Vt.

JEDEDIAH L.

Was Rev. Jedediah's sixth child, and his great grandson, Eliel Wilson, of Minneapolis, a student in the Minnesota State University went with me to the Centennial, a journey of 1,400 miles for that day; a grand-son of Mrs. Wier.

SARAH H. JENNE,

wife of Dr. Gilbert Jenne, was represented by her grandson, Norman Jenne, of Frelighsburg, and also Simpson Jenne, of Berkshire, Vt.

NATHANIEL

was Rev. Jedediah's youngest child and my grandfather. Of his children, Eleanor H. Truax, Franklin, was the only grand-child present. Mary Ann, widow of his son, Johnson, and Susan, widow of his son Rev. Charles, were there.

Nathaniel's son, Casper B., had two sons, Lewis B., Highland Park, Ill., and Salmon P., Boston, Mass., and the two children of his daughter, Lydia H. Pomeroy, Franklin, Vt., Luna and Hibbard, with their father, George E. Pomeroy.

Nathaniel's son, Johnson, had his widow, Mary Ann; his

oldest son, Deacon Hanson H., wife and daughter Grace, of Dunham, Que; Mrs. Hattie H. Campbell, with her son William, St., Armand. Then his younger daughter, Mrs. Carrie H. Ayer, and her husband, Deacon Albert A., with their daughter Grace, of Montreal, Que. Also Johnson's youngest son William P. Hibbard and wife, Abbott's Corner.

Nathaniel's daughter, Arabella H. Tracy, had her only daughter, Mrs. Ella T. Wood, of East St. Johnsbury, Vt.; also one son, Harvey Tracy and wife, Abbott's Corner.

This list is imperfect, but it is the best I could do a thousand miles away. I wish any one who finds errors would send me corrections at once.

CONCLUDING NOTES.

I am sorry to find, as I look over the sixty and more pages already printed, some errors too late for correction. The names were set and stereotyped in Chicago, hence some errors there.

I am sorry, also, that some to whom I wrote for information, did not reply. For example, I wrote to the rector of the parish church in Frelighsburg, enclosing a stamped envelop for reply, but not a line came. Mrs. Wier thought her father, Jedediah L., united with the parish church; I asked the rector to tell me.

Mrs. Wier told me many things of the old-times people, customs, etc. One that Rev. Jedediah took up large tracts of land on "Dunn's Patten," which sold at a good profit, and so gave each of his children a farm, or a good "setting out." He wrote a very clear, round hand, and was a great student. The family was very strict observers of Sunday; no cooking or even washing dishes, so her "Aunt Patty" Cleveland told her. He kept a journal, in which the passing events were recorded; he called it his "Register," and Mrs. Cleveland took it. The Sco-lds, she also said, were high up socially; they, the Abbotts and Rev. Jedediah's children were very intimate, and most of the men were Free Masons. She remembered her mother going up with her to the Sunday school in the old school-house at 3 o'clock p. m. all summer in 1818. Said everybody loved Deacon Roger; he was so good a man. Jedediah's oldest child, Mary,

married Nat Chaffee, who kept a hotel just across the "Line," south of the Lorenzo D. Scofield place. After his death she married Mr. Stimson, and their daughter was the wife of Rev. Edwin Prouty. Her son Charles Stimson, hunted me up and made himself known, when I was General Manager of the Minneapolis Exposition in 1886. As a piece of personal vanity, for the entertainment of my friends, let me say that Exposition was open six weeks; our gate receipts were nearly \$89,000—and we closed with a net profit, after paying every cent of expense, of over \$21,000. Of this money, I made over \$2,800 one Saturday evening with a double "Exposition Wedding," with about 20,000 guests, and my exhibitors gave me a fine gold watch and chain costing \$250.

The early ministers wore a surplice as Mr. Wier remembered them, very like the Episcopal clergy.

When the choir sang one verse, the minister "lined off," that is, read the first line of the next verse, and so on through the hymn. There were two hymns before the sermon, and one after it.

Rev. Charles Hibbard had, at the time of his death, the Bible used for many years by Rev. Jedediah, and it traveled hundreds of miles in his knapsack on his missionary tours through central and northern Vermont and Canada, as well as New Hampshire.

George Salisbury, who now owns the Mason Abbott farm where the old meeting-house stood, plowed up some of the brick from its chimney and gave me a piece, the day after the Centennial.

Finally, brethren and friends, farewell. "God be with you till we meet again."

LEWIS B. HIBBARD.

HIGHLAND PARK, Ill., June 11, 1900.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

In later years b means baptism, d died, etc. I wished I give the time of the death could I secure the exact dates, but to found so few that the attempt was abandoned, save for some of the earlier and more prominent members, as well as those of later years, so far as I know the time of death, the year only being given, thus, "Hanna Harris, 1847, 65," means that she died during that year and was 65 years old.

I am preparing a manuscript volume of the entire "List of Members," with the exact date of baptism, marriage, death and other historical data, so far as I can secure it, for the use of the Historian and Editor at the Second Centennial in 1999.

THE "ORIGINAL SEVEN."

I have spent much time and some correspondence trying to learn who were the original seven constituent members of the church. Pastor Hibbard had been on the field about two years before the church was organized, and there were, of course, many more than seven Baptists in all this community at that time, though only seven happened to be present on the day of organization. As near as I can learn and "guess," the original seven were:

Rev. Jedediah Hibbard, Acting Pastor.
Dea. Roger Hibbard.
Rev. William Rogers.
Elias Truax.
Dr. Allen Miner.
Rev. William Galusha.
William J. Ayer.

1790-1820.

James Ayer, Sr., 1856, 87.
Thomas Arms.
Mrs. Martha Arms.
William Arms.
William J. Ayer, 1813.
Mrs. Sarah Chadwick Ayer, 1812.
Bela Ayer, 1842.
Mrs. Susannah Ayer, 1862.
John Ayer.
Mrs. Bertha Ayer.
Amasa Austin.
Mrs. Hannah Austin.

Col. Jonas Abbott, 1834, 68.
Mrs. Mary Abbott, 1864.
REV. M. BRITAIN.
Mrs. Clarissa Britain.
Samuel Bridge, Sr., 1849, 83.
Mrs. Mary Bridge, 1837, 63.
Bezaleel Bridge.
Rosetta Barber.
Mary Barber.
Annis Barber.
Justus Billings.
Joel Bradford.
Mrs. Tryphena Bradford.
Hosea Bradford.
Asa Bradford.
Tryphena Buzzell.
Sabra Bishop.
George Bishop.
Mrs. Susannah Bishop.
John Baker.
Ely Bagley.

John Blake.
Mrs. Experience Blake.
Otis W. Bush.
John Brigham.
Jesse Brown.
James Bates.
Seba Buttolph.
Mrs. Thankful Buttolph, 1820, 61.
Ebenezer Clark.
Mrs. Jemima Clark.
Daniel Clark, 1868, 83.
Betsey Wright Clark, 1865, 74.
Calvin Clark.
Bartlett B. Clark.
Bartholomew Clark.
Mrs. Laura Clark.
Richard Clark.
Mrs. Lucy Clark.
Mrs. Olive Hibbard Chandler.
Mrs. Anne Hibbard Clark.
Wesly Clark.
Elizabeth Chambers.
Debora Churchill.
Mrs. Lucy Joy Carpenter, 1830, 42.
Mrs. Lydia Scofield Baker Carpenter, 1860, 68.
Rufus Carpenter.
Mrs. Rufus Carpenter.
Asa Carpenter.
Mrs. Elizabeth Carpenter.
Amos Carleton.
Mrs. Mary Carleton.
Samuel Campbell.
Mrs. Grace Campbell.
Harriet Tyler Collier.
John Capron.
Lucy Chaffee.
Aaron Chaffee.
Mrs. Polly Chaffee.
Stuteley Cassar, 1866.
Ebenezer Dustin.
Jonathan Davis.
Mrs. Mary Davis.
Abram Davis.
Mrs. Mary Davis.
William Davis.
Mrs. Sarah Davis.
Elisha Davis.
Mrs. Anne Davis.
Allen Davis.
Mrs. Elizabeth Davis.
Salome Deming.
Mrs. Amy Dunning.
Noah Dewey.
Mary Drew.
Daniel Dean.
Sarah Eldridge.
Martha Eldridge.
Jonathan Fuller.
Mrs. Rhoda Fuller.
Josiah I. Fay.
Apollos Finney.
Abigail Flint.
Polly Flint.
Betsey Folsom.
Polly Richards Foss.
Rev. William Galusha.
William Galusha, Jr.
Wesley Galusha, 1870.
Mrs. Daphne Tolman Galusha, 1848.

Joshua Gibbs.
Anne Gibbs.
Harris Gibbs.
David Groat.
Henry Groat.
John Groat.
Abial Groat.
Henry Groat, Jr.
Anna Groat.
Lewis Grinnell.
Matilda Gariand.
M. Giddings.
Dorcas Glover.
Rev. Jedediah Hibbard.
Dea. Roger Hibbard, 1848, 84.
Sarah Stickney Hibbard, 1859, 93.
Dea. Asabel Hulburt.
Mrs. Sarah Hulburt.
Amy Hulburt.
Electa Hulburt.
Luther Hilliard.
Hannah Harris, 1847.
Marian Harris.
Israel Harris.
Nathaniel Hibbard, 1354.
Mrs. Eleanor Johnson Hibbard, 1854.
Samuel Porter Hibbard.
Miss Sarah Hibbard, 1816, 24.
Mrs. Harriet Hibbard Higgins.
Jesse Hibbard, 1848.
Mrs. Martha Whitman Hibbard, 1861, 51.
Silas N. Hefflin.
Mrs. Mary Hefflin.
Clarissa Hunter.
Elizabeth Hill.
Eliza Hodges.
Solomon Hinds.
Mrs. Lucy Hinds.
Jacob House.
Ezekial Howe.
Mrs. Mary Howe.
Andrew Hawley.
Mrs. Urania Hawley, 1865.
Mrs. Betsey Scofield Ingalls, 1858, 61.
Daniel Ingalls.
Mrs. Polly Ingalls.
Paulina Ingalls.
Hazen Ingalls.
Moses Ingalls, Jr.
James Ingalls, 1851.
Peleg Johnson.
Mrs. Abigail Johnson.
Esek Johnson.
Mrs. Sally Varney Johnson.
Dr. Gilbert Jenne.
Mrs. Sarah Hibbard Jenne.
Mary Jenne.
Mary Jacobs.
Miriam Jones.
Harriet Jeffords.
Elizabeth Knox.
Ephraim Knights.
Mrs. Betsey Knights.
Louis Kimball.
Mrs. Susannah Kimball.
Obadiah Kimball.
Mrs. Sabrina Kimball.
Mary Leonard.
Polly Larribee.
Amy Larribee.

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my
copy
of
this
book

Elizabeth Lewis.
Dr. Allen Miner.
Thomas Miner.
Mrs. Sarah Miner.
Sarah Miner.
Charlotte Mott.
Jonas Morse.
Mrs. Lucy Morse.
Elizabeth Munson.
James Martindale.
Mrs. Anne Martindale.
Aaron Martindale.
Mrs. Ruth Martindale.
Eunice Morrill.
David Nutting.
Mrs. Paulina Nutting.
David Nutting, Jr.
Ely Noble.
Mrs. Eunice Noble.
Ebenezer Olmstead.
Otis Pidge.
Mrs. Jemima Pidge.
Amos Phelps.
Mrs. Diadama Phelps.
Mrs. Esther Tyler Phelps.
Clark Reynolds.
Mrs. Hannah Reynolds.
John Reynolds.
Mrs. Elizabeth Reynolds.
Rev. William Rogers.
Susannah Rogers.
Dea. Joshua Smith.
Homer Smith, Oct. 12, 1837, 55.
Mrs. Caroline Bush Smith, 1832, 49.
Mrs. Abigail Ayer Smith, 1848, 42.
Ira Smith.
William Johnson Smith.
Mrs. Diana Smith.
Mrs. Obedience Smith.
Miss Irene Smith.
Miss Chloe Smith.
Miss Jane Smith.
Miss Obedience Smith.
Miss Charlotte Smith.
Luther Smith.
Jabez Safford.
Mrs. Azuba Safford.
William Scranton.
Mrs. Dorcas Scranton.
Elizabeth Scranton.
Joshua Scranton.
Temperance Scranton.
Mrs. Lydia Stone, Jr.
Mrs. Nancy Hibbard Storrs.
James Scofield, 1849, 62.
Mrs. Olive Basford Scofield, 1864, 77.
Dea. Jesse Scofield, 1824.
Mrs. Eliza Martin Scofield (Noble), 1866, 72.
Lewis Scofield.
Mrs. Eliza Scofield.
John Bunyan Scofield, 1814, 33.
Welthyarea Basford Scofield Stevens, 1864, 82.
Nathan Stevens.
Benning W. Schfield.
Nathan Scofield.
Eleanor Scofield.
Mrs. Temperance Scofield.
Martha Stickney.

Hannah Stone.
Cooley Sumner.
Electa Stevens, 1863.
Eliphalet Spaford.
David Sweet.
Mrs. Elizabeth Sweet.
Zeeuah Southworth.
Caleb Tree.
Mrs. Dorcas Tree.
Elias Truax, 1875, 102.
Mrs. Anna Whitman Truax, 1838, 66.
Sarah Tolman.
Erastus Temple.
Mrs. Olivia Shaw Temple.
Loda Almira Varney.
Russell Welch.
Simeon M. Welch.
Martin Welch.
Mrs. Sarah Welch.
Mrs. Philura Hibbard Whitney, 1880, 76.
John Whitney, 1864.
Mrs. Lucy Leonard Whitney, 1863.
Ira Waters.
John Wallace.
William Whitman.
Mrs. Clarissa Whitman.
Polly Walker.
Samuel Wood.
Mrs. Betsey Wood.
Gideon Wood.
Mrs. Mary Wood.
Asoula Wheeler.
Lyman White.
Abigail Woodworth.
Sarah Woodworth.
Abi Watrous.
1820-1835.
Horace M. Ayer.
Henry Ayer.
Mrs. Achsah Smith Ayer, 1847.
Roxana Barber.
Beeman Barrett.
Mrs. Witty Barrett.
Mrs. Sally Barnes.
John W. Corey.
Benjamin R. Dunning, 1867.
Mrs. Mary Dunning.
Mrs. Anna Olmstead Fay, 1875, 86.
Mrs. Anna Fay Rogers.
Mrs. Hill.
Dea. Isaac N. James, 1882, 82.
Mrs. Zoa Ayer James.
Olive James.
Maro Miner.
Mrs. Desire Miner.
Casper Miner.
Mrs. Sophonia Miner, 1873, 66.
Robert Noble, Sr., 1840.
Harriet A. Stow.
Almira Smith.
Barton Shaw.
Mrs. Irene Shaw, 1851.
E. Miriam Scofield.
George Armstrong.
Samuel Bridge, Jr.
Abigail Barber Bridge.
Charles Hibbard, Sept. 30, 1887, 64.
Wm. Philo Hibbard, 1872, 60.
Mrs. Arabella Hibbard Tracy, 1805.
Mrs. Eleanor Hibbard Truax.

B. Johnson Hibbard, 1871.
Mrs. Mary Ann Hibbard, November.
Dea. Casper B. Hibbard, November,
1885, 76.

Mrs. Eleanor Baker Hibbard, 1867, 54.
Hiram Stevens.

Miss Perlina Stevens.
Mrs. Caroline Smith Stow.
Mrs. Sarah Smith Clark.
Mrs. Esther Smith Lee.
1840-1850.

Samuel L. Chaffee.
John D. Freleigh.

Rebecca Whitney Ellesworth.
Lucy Ann Whitney Slaight, 1849.
Jesse Mason Scofield, November, 1842.
Laura W. Scofield, Nov. 30, 1841.
Daniel Stearns, September, 1842.
Any Brown Johnson, Nov. 30, 1841.
Sarah M. Smith, February, 1841.
Lucina James, 1864, 35.

Prueella James Maynard, February, 1843.
Lorinda Miner, February, 1843.
Rochel Miner Seaton, February, 1843.
Norris M. Ayer, April, 1843.
Sarah Whitney Chadbourne, April, 1843.
Solomon R. Baker, April, 1843, d. 1891.
Martha Hibbard Hazzard, April, 1843.
Emma Hibbard Smith, April, 1843.
Jeannette Wiley, April, 1843.

1850-1860.
Lewis B. Hibbard, May, 1852.
Salmon P. Hibbard, May 1852.
FRANCIS N. JERSEY, June, 1853.
Mrs. Ruth Jersey, June, 1853.
Mary Jersey Bedard, June, 1853.
Miss Eveline Hibbard, d. 1878.
Horace N. James, 1860, 25.
Fuller E. James, b. June, 1854.
Clarissa James, b. June, 1854.
ABRAM BEDELL, b. February, 1858.
Mrs. Mary Bedell, d. February, 1858.
Mary E. Bedell, February, 1858, d.
April 8, 1864.

Alexander Gilleland, February, 1858.
Charlotte Ingalls, b. April 1858.
Sherman P. Scofield, b. April, 1858.
Emily J. Scofield, b. April, 1858.
Charlotte Shuttle, b. April, 1858.
Lydia Hibbard Pomeroy, b. April, 1858,
d. Jan. 20, 1878.

Harmon Davis, b. April, 1858.
Emeline Scofield Davis, April, 1858.
Mary Powers, b. August, 1858, d. 1878.
William H. Davis, b. November, 1859.
1861—Aug. 25.

Addison M. James.
Miss Adelaide M. James.
Miss Margaret Gilleland.
Miss Urania Leonard.
1863—May 17.

Deacon Albert A. Ayer.
Mrs. Mary J. Ayer Tree.
Wellington G. Scofield.
Hattie Hibbard Campbell.

1864—June 24.
Edward Bridge.
Miss Mary Jane Bridge.
1865.

Elixa Ann Carpenter Smith.

Carrie Hibbard Ayer.
Margaret M. Scofield.
Melinda Johnson.

1866.
Frances McLaughlin.
Sarah Cooke.

1869.
Mrs. Cook, May 29.
Rev. Morrill Howard, May 29.
Mrs. Lucretia Howard, May 29.
James Tracy, June 13.
Sarah J. Bangs, June 13.

1872.
Arnold E. Bridge, May 27.
Cynthia D. James, May 27.
Lydia Tracy, May 27.
Newton I. James, May 27.
Amanda Ives, b. Nov. 17.

1873.
Mary Chandler Ingalls, b. June 21, d.
Oct. 7, 1878.

Mrs. Warren B. Grice, b. June 2.
Phoebe Sargent, b. Nov. 8.
Rodney Royce, b. November, 1874.
1876—June 17.

Dea. John Broe.
Mrs. Jane Hope Broe.
Columbus C. Scofield, 1881, 75.
Warren B. Grice.
Deacon Hanson H. Hibbard.
Lucy Carpenter Hibbard.
Bertha Scofield Masse.
Chandler C. Abbott.
Flora Whitman Abbott.
Anna M. Waitman.
Mrs. George W. Ayer.
Ursula Chaffee.
Ada Hibbard Crewe.
Ella E. Tracy Wood, b. Nov. 4.
1877.

Edmund H. Ingalls, exp. Jan. 27.
Sarah Smith, July 28.
Ada Smith, Aug. 26.
Mrs. Dora Cook, exp. Aug. 26.
Patience Johnson, exp. Aug. 26, d. 1878.
1878—June 8.

Henry L. Hibbard.
Nettie C. Hibbard.
William P. Hibbard.
Emily Deating.
Elwin Grice.
Estella James.
Agnes E. Grice.
George Rogers.
James Young.

Oscar Broe.
Edgar S. Tracy, d. 1880.
Ernest J. Powers.
William Scott.
Albert Jenne.
Lorenzo Thomas.
Edna Thomas.
Charlotte Willard.

John S. Morse.

June 29.
William Powers.
Luther R. Smith.
Mary P. Scofield.
George Chadbourne.
1879.

Mrs. Albert Jenne, June 28.
Chauncey Johnson, July 26.
Laura Westover, exp. July 26.
1880—July.

Eliza Powers.
Mrs. Ellis D. Scofield, exp.
Alice Scofield Carpenter.
1882.

Mrs. Lydia H. Baker Young.
1883.

John Holland. 1885.

Mary A. Smith.
Nettie Smith. 1887.

ARNOLD LUTHER ARMS, I.
Mrs. Maria R. Huribut Arms, I.
1888.

Miss Julia Ann Bridge.
1893.

William Craig.
Margaret M. Craig.
Joseph Lingford.
Alfred Emery. 1895.

E. Spoor. 1896.

Harvey A. Chaffee, exp.

Mrs. Harvey A. Chaffee, exp.
John J. McCarty, exp.
Mrs. Byanka McCarty, exp.
1897.

Mrs. ~~Lydia~~ B. I.
Mrs. ~~Lydia~~ Scofield Davis, reat.
Harriet Tracy.
Freeman Rogers.

Mrs. Freeman Rogers.
Iva Bridge.

Sadie Bridge.
Lydia Turner.

Harriet Rogers.
Gladis McCarty.

Lila Ladd.
Carrie Armstrong.
Mrs. Gardner Armstrong, exp.
1898.

Mrs. E. Drayton, I.
Mrs. G. T. Paxman, I.

Mrs. Otis Kennedy.
1899.

Geo. T. Paxman, I.
May Paxman.

C. Paxman.
Arthur Stanniford.
Eva Mullen.

PASTORS.

Began	No. Years.	Began.	No. Years.
1801 Jedediah Hibbard	8	1843 Francis N. Jersey	14
1810 William Galusha	15	1857 Abram Bedell	7
1826 Daniel Sabin	2	1865 Eben M. Rice	1
1828 Mr. — Clark	2	1868 Merrill Howard	2
1830 Homer Smith	7	1870 Arnold L. Arms
1839 M. Britain	1	1885 Wellington G. Scofield
1841 Peter Chase	1	(Associate Pastor.)	
1842 Francis Bosworth	1		

CLERKS.

Names.	Elected.	Names.	Elected.
Roger Hibbard	1800	Horace N. Jones	1855
Allen Miner	1810	Sherman P. Scofield	1858
Nathanial Hibbard	1819	Wellington G. Scofield	1874
Gilbert Jennie	1822	Ella E. Tracy Wood	1885
Homer Smith	1825	Jane Hope Broe	1897
Nathanial Hibbard	1833		

DEACONS.

Names.	Elected.	Names.	Elected.
William Rogers	1800	Isaac N. Jones	1843
Asabel Huribut	1801	Wellington G. Scofield	1876
Joshua Smith	1801	Hanson H. Hibbard	1879
Roger Hibbard	1806	John Broe	1885
Allen Miner	1806	Luther R. Smith	1885
Jesse Scofield	1822	Harvey A. Chaffee	1896
Casper B. Hibbard	1843		

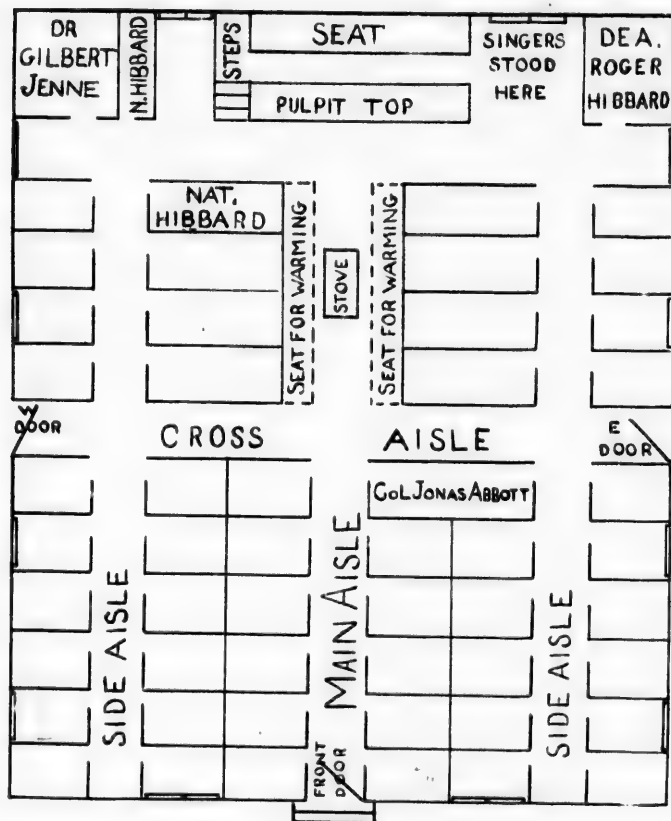
LICENTIATES.

Names.	When.	Names.	When.
William Rogers	1801	John D. Freleigh.....	1845
William Galusha	1806	Arnold L. Arms.....	1850
Homer Smith	1830	Lewis B. Hibbard.....	1859
Charles Hibbard	1844	Ernest J. Powers.....	1883
Charles Smith	1845	Wellington G. Scofield.....	1883

"STUDENT PASTORS."

1846	William G. Porterfield, Montreal College.	1802	J. P. McIntyre, M. D., MacMaster University.
1865	James C. Yule, Woodstock College.	1894	A. J. Darrock, MacMaster University.
1867	Rev. Joshua Donovan, Scotland.	1896	York A. King, MacMaster University.
1888	J. R. Jackson, MacMaster University.	1898	A. G. Baker, MacMaster University.

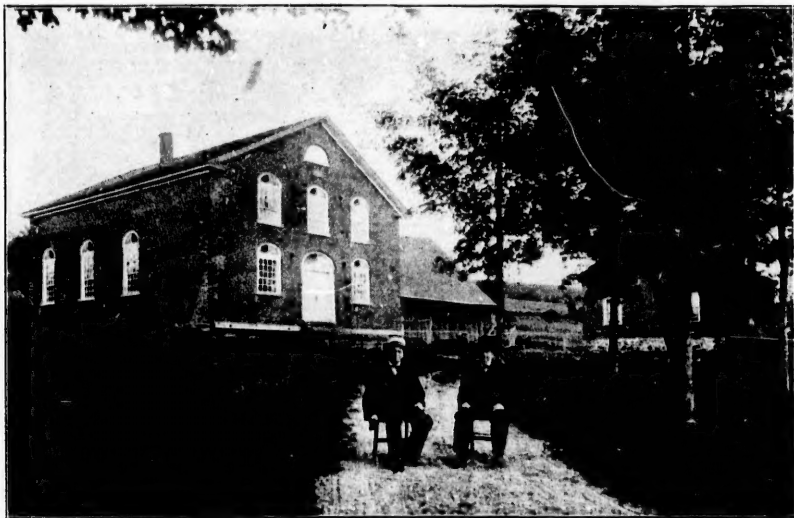
[Extra copies of this pamphlet can be had of the Editor, so long as they last, at 25 cents each, or three copies for 50 cents.]



OLD MEETING HOUSE, 1802

This plan was drawn for me by Mrs. Wier, at my home, in 1888. It was built in 1802, and torn down in 1835. It was a wood frame building, no paint on it anywhere; had three outside doors, pulpit in north end. It was on the very top of the hill, west of the road, about fifty rods north of where the road turns up to the old Johnson Hibbard farm. The partition between the pews did not go below the seats, and no doors to the pews. Mrs. Wier and Mrs. Eleanor Hibbard Truax told me who owned the pews I have named. The singers sat in their family pews all over the meeting-house, and when the minister gave out the hymn they came out and stood at the east side of the pulpit, sang the hymn and then went back to their pews till the next hymn. The members of the old choir

of 1820 as given me by Mrs. Wier were, Wesley Galusha, leader. He used no tuning fork; occasionally they had a bass viol. The other singers were Major Tyler; Jesse Hibbard, his wife, Martha Whitman, and his sisters Harriet and Olive; Esther Smith, Harriet and Esther Tyler, Major's sisters. Mrs. Wier said the Tylers were "splendid singers." Esther Galusha was also in the choir, a sister, I presume, of Wesley.



BRICK MEETING HOUSE, 1841.

It is about 46x38 feet, no spire; has 38 slips beside the singers' space. In my boyhood the choir occupied the "gallery." David Smith, that "sweet singer," was the leader and his brother Reuben, all the Chandlers, some of the Abbotts, and I have forgotten the others, were members of the choir.



EDITOR LEWIS BAKER HIBBARD.

LEWIS B. HIBBARD.

- 1834—Born Nov. 20, in the Lorenzo Scofield house.
1852—Baptized into the Abbott's Corner church.
1859—Licensed to preach.
1859—Graduated from Classical Department, Fairfax, Vt.
1861—Graduated from Theological Department, Fairfax, Vt.
1864—Ordained at Waterbury Center, Vt.
1867—Pastor Baptist Church, Somerville, Mass.
1868—Pastor at Grafton, Vt.
1872—Pastor Adams, Mass.
1874—Spent three years on farm regaining health
1876—Edited Vermont Farmer, St. Johnsbury.
1877—Pastor at Cavendish, Vt.
1878—Chaplain Vermont Senate, Montpelier.
1879—Publisher and Editor "Vermont Tribune."
1881—Supply, Baptist Church at Ludlow, Vt.
1882—Pastor Baptist Church, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Health failed and retired from pastorates
1883—Editor "Farmer's Review," Chicago.
1884—Supt. Agricultural Machinery at World's Fair at New Orleans.
1885—Asst. Director-General American Exposition, New Orleans
1886—General Manager Exposition, Minneapolis.
1886—Elected President Leland University, New Orleans.
Health prevented taking up the work.
1889-1900—Police Judge City Court, Highland Park, Ill.
1890-92—Editor "Lake County Post."

